

GENEALOGY
THE
GOLDEN-LYNCH
FAMILIES

GERTRUDE M. GOLDEN

Gc
929.2
G5661g
1980167

M. L.

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION



3 1833 01087 6735

To

Isabel Hurd,
a dear cousin
with love and
good wishes.

Gertrude M. Golden

Jan. 1959

GENEALOGY
OF
THE
GOLDEN · LYNCH
FAMILIES

BY
GERTRUDE M. GOLDEN

MONROE, MICHIGAN, 1958

Genealogy of the Willard Golden Family

Paternal Ancestry

Science has agreed that the law of heredity is immutable and that physically, mentally and spiritually we are each a combinations of traits inherited from our different ancestors. If this is true and the human race progresses to the extent that they may see themselves and their children as others see them, a study of immediate ancestry might be of the greatest assistance to parents in training their children. They might guard against the development of known evil tendencies and encourage the growth of the more desirable inherited characteristics. About one-half depends upon inheritance and one-half upon environment and training in the forming of character.

In this age of hurry, rush and speed few take time to record family history. For the sake of the younger generation I am recording a little of what I know of our family history.

Gertrude M. Golden

Grandfather Patrick Golden, was born at Boyle, County Roscommon, Ireland in October 1812. His paternal ancestors had come from England, one of them (his grandfather, I think) having been a Presbyterian clergyman. His mother's maiden name was Kitty, or Katharine Flannagan. His father died when Grandfather was quite young, leaving his widow, Patrick and a sister who was some years older than the boy.

When Patrick was about 22 years of age he decided to come to America. On the same ship with him was his future wife and her little brother — Mary and Billie McDonough — Mary about seventeen and Billie several years younger. Although living in neighboring parishes in Ireland they apparently had never met and did not meet on the ship coming over, although the ship was seven weeks and three days making the voyage. It was not until landing at Quebec that Patrick (noticing the slight little girl struggling up the steep bank, and trying to carry luggage, and at the same time, help her little brother, who was lame, threw the little boy to his shoulder and carried him up the steep gangway to the street. It seems that Mary McDonough had been left with relatives in Ireland a couple of years previous when their widowed mother, elder brother and his bride, and sister Bridget had started for America. On the long voyage out, the brother, a fine young man, was taken with what they then called ship fever. He and his young wife, who nursed him, both died on the way over and were buried at sea. The mother and sister (afterward Mrs. Patrick Queenan) came on to friends in Toledo, later sending for Mary and Billie to join them.

On the same vessel with Patrick Golden coming from Ireland were William Gilmore, grandfather's life-long friend, the Partlens (John's grandparents) and the maternal grandparents of the Will Marron family, the Nolans. The vessel they came from Ireland on was a sailing vessel, but from Quebec to Montreal they took a steamship, then the Durham boat drawn by four horses and poled by four men, to LaChine Rapids. Their boat was drawn over LaChine Rapids by 23 yoke of oxen. They then came by steamer to Oswego, then to Rochester and Buffalo.

At Buffalo, Patrick, who was by trade a carpenter, found work with a contractor by the name of Golden (no relation) who was very kind to the young immigrant. This Golden had a little daughter named "Maria" and it was after her that Grandfather named his first child. After a time he came on to Monroe, arriving in October, 1835. Shortly after arriving in Monroe he took a contract to build six miles of track for the Michigan Southern R.R. from Osseo to Hillsdale. He was allowed three years in which to do the work but did not take this long in completing it. After finishing this he contracted to build for the same railroad eight miles of track west of Coldwater. At this time he bought 80 acres of land in Lenawee County which he afterwards disposed of. After a short courtship (well chaperoned by the bride's mother)

#17.00 Little Ave 14-1977 00 8648

Patrick asked for the hand in marriage of Mary McDonough and was accepted. On May 3, 1838 they were married in Monroe. Shortly after this, Grandfather and his bride, accompanied by Patrick Queenan and his bride (Bridget McDonough) started for Lenewee County where grandfather was building railroad. Their eldest child Maria, was born here a year after they were married. They did not return to Monroe for another year. Aunt Maria always left her carelessness in religious observances to the fact that she was a year old before being baptized as there was no Catholic church nearer than Monroe. Her mother insisted, however, that it was the "Presbyterian Blood" inherited from her paternal ancestry which was to be blamed for her lack of piety.

After finishing his contracts Grandfather returned to Monroe. For a short time he lived on Smith Street but later bought a home on Front Street, on the river bank where the city gas station is now located. Father (Willard) told me that he was born here. It was an Irish settlement at the time and called "New Dublin". Grandfather was boss carpenter in the building of the Erie and Kalamazoo Railroad from Toledo to Adrian but I have no date for this. It was probably while his family were living in New Dublin. Much later he took a contract for building several miles of the old Plank Road (now Telegraph Road). On his railroad contracts he made well, but on this last he lost heavily. So much for Grandfather's road building. He then turned his attention to building other things. He built, by contract, the Mansion House in Ohio City, the first hotel to be built there. He assisted Mr. Geo. Bachelor in building the First Methodist Church on Monroe Street and with Peter Breitzel, Egbert Cole and Alexander Regan, built the First Methodist Church in Ann Arbor. He assisted in building the Gen. Henry Smith residence on Elm Avenue, later owned and occupied by I. E. Ilgenfritz. He helped with the construction of Dr. Geo. Landon's home near the site of the old Michigan Southern Railroad in what was then the Third Ward. He bought a home on Monroe Street, just across from St. Mary's School. This, a frame house, was later occupied by his son Charles, before he built his beautiful home on South Macomb Street. He and his family lived here until they moved to the big brick house he built at Sandy Creek several years later.

Grandfather bought a large tract of heavily timbered land on the old Plank Road five miles north of Monroe. Here, for many winters he employed gangs of laborers to cut down the timber, some of which was used for lumber, some used as planks for the old Plank Road some turned into charcoal and potash. Forty acres of this land was sold to his son for \$500.00. Willard (father), eighty acres sold to Bauman's, later to Max Hoffman. Twenty, south of our forty, he kept until quite late in life when he sold it to Jim Rabbitt, to the great disappointment of Father, who had in some way concluded that it was eventually to be given to him.

Some time in the late sixties Grandfather bought 68 acres of land at Sandy Creek, just off the old plank road, three miles north of Monroe. Here he developed a fine farm. He planted fruit trees, fenced and drained fields and built a beautiful, large brick house and furnished it throughout. He found that the soil here would make good bricks, so he started a brick yard and lime kiln. For several years he made here, large quantities of brick which he sold to builders in Monroe. Many of the brick buildings constructed at that time in Monroe were built of brick made in these kilns. It was during this period that he built a six room brick cottage, next door to his former frame-house on Monroe Street, where he spent his last years, after giving his Sandy Creek home to his son Joseph. The home at Sandy Creek was surrounded by large oak trees, a nice picket fence, a beautiful orchard and good garden. Here the family lived for several years in very good style. They kept a fine driving team and one of the few carriages in the country side at the time. Uncle Joe, the dressy one of the family, in correct morning clothes and high silk hat, on Sunday mornings and state occasions drove the family to the city and to church, cutting quite a swathe.

It was about this time that Joseph married Elizabeth Davis, daughter of Judge John Davis and his father set him up in the hardware business in Monroe. In just a couple of years Joe had failed in business and Grandfather was out three thousand dollars on the deal. It was shortly after this that the beautiful brick house at Sandy Creek was burned and most of the furniture destroyed.

Grandmother then persuaded Grandfather to turn the Sandy Creek farm over to Joe (always her favorite) and move back to the city. They rebuilt the main part

of the house, leaving the wing for Joe to rebuild, which he never finished. Grandfather moved into the six room, brick cottage on Monroe Street and started into the grocery business (in the store just west of the Macomb Street bridge, on Front Street, on the north side of the street). He ran the grocery store but a few years when he retired from business.

He still owned the twenty acres south of our farm and kept himself busy in overseeing the work on this land and the sixty-eight acres at Sandy Creek, half of which he later turned over to his youngest son, Augustus.

He kept an old white horse, called Pone, and a buckboard, which he drove from place to place when overseeing the farm work. On the back of our farm he built a board "shanty" where he would stay for a week at a time, cooking for the men and wandering over the place. As children we always loved to visit him here, climb into the high board "bunks" the men slept in and eat the hand-outs he gave us. He was always good to us children and we all liked him. Grandfather was a short but powerfully made man. His head, shoulders and body were large enough for a tall man but his legs were short. He had thick gray hair which he never lost, sound white teeth which lasted until he died and scarcely a wrinkle in his face. His nose was high, large and well shaped, his eyes a very dark blue under heavy gray eyebrows. He had a square chin, high forehead and firm mouth with a rather long upper lip. He was frank, open and loved to recount his adventures and was proud of his success, which gave those who did not like him (they were very few) a chance to call him a "brag". He always retained the greatest respect and regard for his wife. Mary could always influence him in every thing. When I was quite a grown girl I can remember him saying to me — "your Grandmother is a saint upon earth". He had then lived with her more than fifty years, and to a casual observer she would appear to be an especially selfish woman. She had some first cousins in Ireland who belonged to a county family and owned an estate called "Lissacone". He knew of this family and the relationship and sometimes called her the "Lady of Lissacone".

In 1885 he decided that he would make a visit to the land of his birth and tried to get grandmother to go with him, but her memories of her voyage over here on the sailing vessel had given her a horror of the ocean and she could not be prevailed upon to accompany him. He returned from this trip a tired and disappointed old man. His sister was dead. No one in his old home remembered him. He visited for a time in Liverpool with his sister's daughter, a Mrs. Gavin. For a year or two after his return he was full of stories of this trip. His health began to fail and he died in 1892 at the age of 79 years and was buried on Thanksgiving day of that year.

Mary McDonough Golden was a short, rather fleshy woman with blonde hair, very blue eyes, flat nose, square chin, with small feet and hands. She lost her teeth early and got false ones which were rare in that day. She also got gray early and thereafter wore a black lace cap over her hair. She dressed very well for those times in rich, black clothes. She was very timid about venturing abroad except to go to church, which she did every morning. Grandfather had to do all the marketing and she seldom went over town except to buy clothing. She boasted that she knew nothing of the business houses or business people of the town. She was highly intelligent, although she had little education, and spent the most of her time in later years in going to church and reading religious books. She was very proud and did not consider many of her neighbors worthwhile cultivating in a social way. She could not be called an affectionate wife or mother (excepting always to her favorite son, Joe). Her mother, who always lived with or near her after her marriage, helped her raise her family and Maria was but a very small girl when she was obliged to take on a great share of the household duties. Grandmother was not noted for her industry, so between hired help and her mother's assistance she managed to get along until her girls grew large enough to take on the work. This great grandmother, Mrs. McDonough, was a kind hearted, good old lady, it seems, and her son-in-law was very fond of her. She could speak Gaelic as well as English. She is buried in the old cemetery on the south side of St. Joseph's cemetery here in Monroe. Grandmother Golden died about two years after Grandfather's death, at the age of about 76.

The eldest child of Patrick and Mary Golden, Maria, was a strong, lively, bright girl, much more like her father than her mother in disposition. She went to school, got a fair education, learned the tailoress and the millinery trades, taught school a few terms, worked a short time at each of the trades but mostly stayed at home and

did the work for the family, besides doing the sewing and millinery. At one time Grandfather set her up in the millinery business but she failed in it. When 33 years of age she married John McCormick, a carpenter by trade, and three years her junior. They were always very congenial and led a happy life together for many years. They had two children, Cora (Mrs. John Campbell) and Cormack, for many years Circuit Court Stenographer of Monroe County and later lawyer. Cora has no children. Cormack who married Judge Gilday's daughter, Grace, has two — Bertha and Edward or "Bud".

Maria died at the age of 69 in April 1909 and John McCormick died in August 1910.

Besides Maria, Patrick and Mary Golden had Willard, Sarah, Joseph, Charles, and Augustus and two children who died in infancy (Edward and Katherine).

While working in his father's timber land five miles north of Monroe, Willard boarded at the home of the Lynches and there became acquainted with his future wife, Mary Lynch. They were married in May 1866, at St. Patrick's Church, when she was but eighteen years of age and he seven years older. They settled on the forty acre farm sold them for \$500.00 by Grandfather Golden, five miles north of Monroe on the Telegraph Road. He taught school winters and worked the farm summers, also working for his father in the brick-yard at Sandy Creek a part of the time. He was not a natural farmer any more than was any of his brothers, but Grandfather's idea was to get all his boys settled on farms was the safest and best thing he could do for them. Not one of them made a success of farming and not one of the blood is now on a farm.

Willard Golden and Mary Lynch's family consisted of eleven children, as follows:

- | | |
|-----------|--|
| Louise | (Mrs. Wm. Maurer) mother of (Mrs. Alphons Wallich
(Mrs. Ben Lee |
| Adelaide | Sister M. Generosa, I.H.M. |
| Gertrude | Teacher for thirty years. Single. 18 years in government Indian
Schools |
| Edward | Died 1938. Unmarried. |
| Frederick | Died 1913. Unmarried. |
| Frank | Attorney. Married Dorothy Schultz in 1923 — Margaret and Richard
(children) |
| Julia | Died in childhood |
| Margaret | Mrs. Frank Boudinet — Edward and Bernard (children) |
| Oliver | Married Mary McNalley in 1915. Children — Ann Mary, Genevieve,
Jeanne, Patricia, Oliver John. |
| Leo | Married Ann (McCune) in 1909. Children — Gertrude, Robert, Mary
Louise, Marjorie, Lawrence, Adelaide and Dorothy Anne. Wife,
Anna, died in January 1929. |
| Walter | Married Mrs. Susan Cook in 1923 and moved to California. Mrs.
Cook had two sons by a former marriage, Stanley and Joe. |

Willard Golden, (father) died January 12, 1914, the same week that his brother Charles died. Willard was 72 years of age and Charles was 59.

Sarah Golden married Martin Gaffney of Adrian. They had five children, as follows:

- | | |
|----------------|-------------------------------|
| Leo | (Mrs. Harry Kinney) |
| Gertrude | (Mrs. John Maurer) Died 1925. |
| Will | Died 1924 |
| Frank | Died 1910 |
| Mame | Still living, Single |
| Sarah, mother, | died at the age of 36. |

Joseph's marriage has already been mentioned. He had nine children (two of whom died in infancy) as follows:

- | | |
|----------|------------------------------------|
| Bertha | Nurse. Unmarried. |
| Clarence | Unmarried. |
| Sadie | Unmarried. |
| Harold | Married — Three sons. |
| Camillus | Carpenter. Married — one daughter. |

May Sister Marcellina, I.H.M.
Francis Married — one child, Roger
Joseph, father, died in October 1919.

Charles Augustus Golden, third son of Patrick and Mary Golden, attended Saint Vincent's College of Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. Later he graduated from the University of Michigan in law and was admitted to the Bar in Monroe, May third, 1876.

October 27th, 1880, he married his next door neighbor Frances Soleau, a handsome young lady. Of this union were born Edith, Clayton, Frances (Daisy) and Arthur. Edith married Jay Harrington and their children were Helen, Mrs. Lloyd Aspinwall and they had no children. Frances, who married Joseph Gartner, of Wyandotte, and had two children, Joseph and Judith; Prudence, who married William McIntyre and had Prudence, who died at the age of eight; Jan, now Mrs. Lisenmeyer, of Detroit with one child, Julie Marie; William, now studying law at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana; Sharon, graduating this year from Saint Mary Academy here; Pricilla and Thomas.

Beth Ann, whose first husband was James Payne and from that marriage a son, James Jr., now in college. Her second marriage was to Harry Winters and their children are Michael, Penelope, or Penny, and Terance, or Terry.

Charles, who married Madeleine Heil; their children are Christine, Coleen, Charles, Pat, Geoffrey and Kathleen.

The second child of Charles and Frances Golden, Clayton, married Lillian Sorter and they have one son, Charles, and an adopted daughter, Mrs. Ted Revolt, of Detroit. Charles Golden graduated in law from the University of Notre Dame and practiced here for a couple of years; was elected to the legislature and is now the Prosecuting Attorney for Monroe County. He married a Miss Geer and their children are Michael, Polly and Janice.

Frances, or Daisy as she was always called, married James J. Kelley, a lawyer, and their children are Annetta and James Jr. Annetta, a talented and attractive young lady, graduated from Marygrove College, Detroit, and later from the University of Michigan where she took a course in Journalism.

James Jr. also finished a law course and was admitted to the Bar here and is a very well-known and successful young lawyer. He married Loretta Barrie, of Toledo and their children are James, Lorrie, Pat, Maureen, Paul and David.

The youngest of the Charles Golden Family was Arthur, who married a Miss Billings of this city. They were each active in World War I and she lost her health and died early. They had no children. Arthur lived with his mother after the death of his father and his wife, until his mother died. He then went to Detroit to live. He died there some few years ago.

Both Clayton and Arthur joined the U.S. Forces during World War I. Besides these two, four of the Augustus Charles Golden family, Gerald, James, Wilfred and Pat, of my own family there were Oliver and Walter and of the Joe Golden Family, Camillus and Clarence were active in the army. It is quite evident that the Golden men were not lacking in patriotism.

The youngest son of Patrick and Mary Golden, Augustus Charles, taught school for a few years. He married Julia Pentony and for a time lived on the land his father had given him at Sandy Creek, about sixty acres. He did not care for farming and after being married for a couple of years he went to Detroit where he started a small factory, which manufactured wooden containers for the holding of molasses, apple butter, vinegar, cider, etc. His health failed here and he returned to the farm but was not able to do much of the farm work. His wife, Julia, was a very ambitious and faithful partner throughout his life, but he died in May 1911 at the age of 48 years. His wife then moved to Monroe and the family lived there until her death, which was in January 1922.

The children of this marriage were Gerald, Katherine, James, Wilfred and Patrick — none of the family marrying. Gerald died in the State of Washington in 1956, James died shortly after World War II, Wilfred died here in the city in 1957. Pat is still living in Aptos, California, and Katherine is a member of the I.H.M. here, Sister Marie Magdalen having taught for years, and now is a librarian in the Parochial School at Akron, Ohio.

Genealogy of the Golden-Lynch Family

Maternal Ancestry

In the matter of our family history we are greatly indebted to Miss Isabel Hurd of Fresno, California (great-granddaughter of Mary Jane Dease and Patrick Keegan,) who consulting Burke's Peerage in San Francisco's chief library obtained a copy of the Dease Family History, extending from the twelfth century to the present day.

Isabel's mother, Katherine Keegan Hurd, was the third daughter of Michael Keegan and Katherine Calahan; Michael was the eldest son of Jane Dease Keegan and Patrick Keegan and was born in the family castle of Deases, Mullingar, County West Meath, Ireland. When leaving there to come to America with his mother and younger brother Oliver and sister Mary, to join their father in New Brunswick, Canada, Michael was of an age to remember much of his birthplace and early home and the imparting of this knowledge to his family caused Isabel's mother, Katherine, to have a great interest in the family history which she, in turn, told her daughter Isabel.

Our maternal grandmother, Mary Keegan Lynch, was the third child of Mary Jane Dease and Patrick Keegan and was but two years of age when coming to America, so remembered only what her parents told her of her early home, but she was in early twenties when leaving St. John's, New Brunswick and recalled often the early life of the family while there.

The full genealogy is too long to include here, but Burke's Peerage gives a full account of the Dease Family and tells of the first member of the family, Edward Dease, who belonged to the gentry of County West Meath, Ireland, with a castle or seat at Turbotston, which he had purchased in 1272. He was succeeded in turn by Garret; Edmund; James; Garret; Richard; James; William; Richard; Oliver; James; Garret.

In another old manuscript of the time of Henry VIII, occurs the name of Richard Dease, of Turbotston.

Being such an old family in West Meath they were all prominent socially and politically.

Because the family were Catholic, Richard Dease was deprived of his estate during the religious troubles of 1641 and they were given to the Pakenhams, who were Protestant and near neighbors. It was of this family that General Pakenham, who was killed here in the Battle of New Orleans, La. belonged, and I remember of my grandmother saying that she attended the funeral of General Pakenham as a babe in her mother's arms.

After the rebellion the Dease Lands were bought back from the Pakenhams with monies realized through a sale of the Caven properties, which had been held in trust for the Deases by the Pollards, of Castle Pollard, neighbors and friends.

To skip here a great many years of the Dease genealogy, and the tell of the last member of the name to reside on the old estate, Colonel Edmund Dease, whose only son, Lieutenant Maurice Dease, was killed the first year of World War I. The following is a short account of this, copied from a London Paper in 1926:

Dublin, July Eighth (N.C.W.C.)

"FIRST VICTORIA CROSS IN WORLD WAR, WON BY IRISH CATHOLIC."

"The Stonyhurst War Record just published, shows that the first member of the British Army to win the Victoria Cross in World War I, was Lieutenant Maurice Dease, of Levington, Mullingar, Ireland."

This fact is proved by a letter to the Stonyhurst authority from the British War Office, October 1st, 1926."

The Dease Genealogy has the following account of the above mentioned member of the family:

"Maurice James, Second Lieutenant, of Royal Fusileers, born in September 1889, died shortly after the breaking out of World War I. He was the only son of Colonel and Mrs. Edmund Dease of Levington, Mullingar, Ireland. Of this family, also, and the last one to remain on the estate, there was Mary Elizabeth, married to John Naish, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland 1885."

Ida Mary, who became a nun (Franciscan)

Elizabeth Mary, a Sister of Charity.

Madeline Mary, married in 1884 to Charles Lidell of Harwix Hall.

The Dease family Crest was a Lion Rampant, holding a sword. P.P.R. Their family motto was "Toujours Pret" (always ready).

The mother of Mary Jane Dease was Lady Theresa Plunket. Her mother was Lady Henrietta Plunket, daughter of the Seventh Earl of Fingal, and a close relative of Bishop Oliver Plunket. The name Oliver has appeared in every family of the descendants of the Plunkets, Dease, Keegan's, because of this much honored relative. It is also to be noted that Michael Keegan, eldest son of Mary Jane Dease and Patrick Keegan, who was old enough to remember his grandmother when leaving Ireland, named his second daughter Elizabeth Henrietta. Again, his eldest daughter, Margaret Keegan Conlisk, also in honor of this relative, named her fourth daughter Henrietta.

Our Great Grandmother, Mary Jane Dease's mother died when she was very young and had but one brother. Her father married again and had other children by his second wife. Perhaps because of having a step mother, Mary Jane was sent early in life to a boarding school and there received a good education for that day and age. When she returned home, she met and fell in love with Patrick Keegan, the handsome son of one of her father's farm tenants, and married him. For one of her class to marry a tenant farmer was considered in that day as a mesalliance, but apparently the marriage took place with her father's consent, for her first three children were born in the family castle and remained there while Patrick came to Canada to make a home for his family.

Apparently, it was the only brother of Mary Jane, who immigrated to New Orleans, and took up land on the Red River.

My grandmother, Mary Keegan Lynch was born in the family castle January 6th, 1818, and died January 9th, 1884.

The family home must have been very large as I remember of grandmother telling that taxes at that time in Ireland, were exorbitant, and were levied on the number of rooms in a homestead, or number of fireplaces, for each room had one. Her father boarded up twenty-five fire-places to avoid paying the taxes on each room.

In 1955, Mrs. Oliver Golden and daughter, Jean Dease Golden, when traveling in Europe, visited Turbotston and took pictures of it. It was a very large old homestead, built of the noted blue-gray-Irish-granite, still in very good repair, but it had just been sold to a stranger who had not yet moved in. In the neighboring village, though, they talked to the proprietor of the hotel who had known the Dease Family well. When the last of the family had gone to England to live and there had been an auction sale of its furnishings, the hotel manager had bought some of the furniture which he pointed out to the visitors, one of which was the rosewood piano.

Jean, now an M.D. says she will return there some day and buy back the place. But that remains to be seen.

To return to the account of the lives of Patrick and Mary Jane: After being married for some years, Patrick decided to come to America and make a home for his family in the New World, his wife and family remaining with her father until this could be accomplished. So he left Ireland being accompanied by his two brothers, neither of whom was married. They bought land near St. John's, New Brunswick, and built a house on it and started to clear the land. However, after coming from "Ever-Green" Ireland, they were not prepared to endure the rigors of a Canadian Winter. Their first winter there the younger brother went out hunting, got lost in the woods and when found had his feet so badly frozen that he died. (No medical attention was to be had in the community).

It may as well be told right here about the other brother who had not married and came here with his brother Patrick to Monroc. He did not remain here but went on further West and took up some land in Minnesota, near where St. Paul now stands. He married and had one child, a girl who became a nun.

When Michael (the brother mentioned) died, word came to Patrick and relatives here that he left an estate that should be settled. His wife had died earlier, and his only child, the daughter entered the convent and the estate had been claimed by the Church, in the person of Bishop Ireland.

Thomas Keegan, son of Oliver Keegan and Tom Mahon, son of Margaret Keegan

Mahon, went to Minnesota but returned without getting anything from the estate, the Bishop claiming it in the name of the nun.

Suspicious relatives back here hinted that those who went West had "lined their pockets" but that was not true. However, much later the mother of Isabel Hurd, Katherine Keegan, wrote to the Bishop concerning the matter but received the reply that the money realized from the estate had been used to partially pay for the grand cathedral built about that time in St. Paul, Minn.

To return to the story of the Patrick Keegan Family while at St. Johns. As a child I always enjoyed my grandmother's stories of their life there and of the early life here in Monroe County.

After getting a home built and some ground cleared for farming, Patrick sent to Ireland for his family to join him. The ship which they planned to take was lost at sea and all on board perished. However, Mary Jane and her three children had missed the first boat and came on a later one. In the meantime, though, Patrick had worried and grieved so that his brown hair had turned to white — and his family scarcely knew him when he met them at the boat, although he was still a young man.

For ten years the family lived on the farm near St. John's and then they bought city property and moved to town. As far as I can recall grandmother telling of it, they bought a home and tenement house. This tenement house backed on the St. John River and behind the house there was a shipyard which they rented to shipbuilders.

I well remember grandmother's description of this shipyard and can still see in imagination the clean, shell-strewn sand back of the home when the tide was out; the big timbers tied to posts to keep them from floating out when the tide was ebbing.

A few miles down the river, the incoming tide and the out-flowing river met and threw up a great wall of water, always a great sight to see. The farmers around used to come to market in row-boats, bringing in their supplies of farm produce and returning with groceries and supplies bought in town. Grandmother saw some of these caught in the terrific commotions of waters when the tide and down flowing rivers met, their boats overturned and their supplies dumped into the water.

Ten children were born to Patrick Keegan and Mary Jane Dease Keegan, two of whom died in infancy. Five sons and three daughters lived to grow up, although Elizabeth, a very beautiful and saintly girl, died at sixteen. According to their respective ages they were: Oliver, Michael, Mary (grandmother), Thomas, Margaret, Elizabeth, Patrick and Joseph.

As her sons began to grow up, great-grandmother, who had a great horror of the sea after her long voyage over in the sailing ship, began to plan getting away from the coast, fearing her sons might be sailors.

About this time there was a great advertising campaign being carried on as to the desirability of the Territory of Michigan as a good place to settle. Cheap land, great forests, shipping facilities, good soil, mild climate, plenty of rainfall — and what have you! Everything to tempt the new settler. So the Keegan family decided to sell their property at St. John and come to this much advertised "Paradise on Earth" and take up enough land so that each of their boys might have a farm.

Before leaving New Brunswick, a letter had come from New Orleans, Louisiana, telling of a brother of Jane Dease Keegan, who had died leaving the property to her as well as to some of the relatives in Ireland. Great grandfather wished to go to New Orleans to claim the property but his wife begged him not to go. Means of travel in those days was so poor and she feared so much being left alone with the children in this strange, new country and so dreaded the danger he might encounter and the long separation it might mean, that she at last prevailed upon him not to go. So they never claimed the money or even inquired about it.

When coming to Michigan the Keegan family came by boat to New York City, here they visited a sister of Patrick Keegan, a Mrs. Brophy. Again here in New York, they were told of the wonders of Michigan, of its mild climate where it would not be necessary to use woollens in the winter. Upon the strength of this information, great grandmother sold a bolt of homespun woolen cloth, that she and her daughters had made before leaving St. John, and many a time afterward she regretted doing so.

Coming by way of the Erie Canal, Buffalo and Lake Erie they arrived in Monroe along about 1835 and great grandfather bought a large tract of heavily timbered land, five miles north of Monroe, on the Newport Road. The site of this first home of the

Keegan family in Monroe County is a few rods off Telegraph Road to the east. It is now owned by Mrs. Stella (Thoma) Noel.

Not only was this a very heavily timbered tract at that time but also low and swampy and was very thinly settled by a few German immigrants, (many of whom could not speak English) and some families of New Englanders, namely the Loudens, Moores, Fahneystocks, Donaldsons and Thayers.

Poor Jane Dease, born in a castle and reared in an atmosphere of wealth, felt terribly "let down" when she saw her new home. The Michigan "Paradise" had turned out to be a swamp, her neighbors, foreigners, nothing as she had hoped and expected it to be. Her health began to fail and she was never quite herself again, although living for quite a number of years after this.

However, Patrick, with his group of sturdy sons, shouldered axes and went forth into the forest to hew out homes, build fences, ditches and drain the land which was very deep, rich soil, when once cleared and drained. The pioneer daughters did the hard work that all pioneer daughters were called upon to do.

Some years later, great grandmother, feeling she would be a little less isolated if they were living near Stoney Creek, persuaded her husband to buy a piece of land on the north bank of the creek. This farm was situated a few rods west from where the Ohio China Co. is now located (1957), on the road running west, on the north side of the road. I can remember the house which stood there but there is no trace of it left now.

In those days of no good roads, pioneers settled along the banks of rivers or creeks, using the waterways as a substitute for roads, so the Keegans built a home and lived here until their deaths. Patrick died on February 1, 1849, just a month or less before his daughter Elizabeth's death. These two misfortunes coming so close together, proved too much for poor Jane Dease Keegan, and she followed them in death on August 3, 1850.

At the time of Patrick's death he was 61 years of age and his wife was 60 at the time of hers. Elizabeth died very suddenly at 16, of some sort of fever, contracted while helping to take care of those ill in her uncle Michael's family.

MARY KEEGAN—Mary Keegan (grandmother) met and married William Lynch shortly after coming to Monroe from New Brunswick. She married him in Monroe sometime along 1837 or 38, and they settled on a 40 acre farm, originally a part of her father's land, and just across the road from the parents' home. This land they gradually converted into a very nice home. All of their children were born there and they always lived there until their deaths.

Grandmother (Mary Keegan Lynch) died January 9, 1884, at the age of 66 years. Grandfather died in February of 1893, at the age of 79 years.

OLIVER KEEGAN — Oliver Keegan, shortly after coming to Michigan, married a young widow, Katherine Blue McOscar, who had one child by her first husband, Patrick, and three by her second, Michael, Thomas, and Margaret. Oliver died rather early in life but his wife, Katherine, lived to be quite an old woman, and a brave, efficient, active, helpful woman she was, along with her being a strong and handsome one. The Oliver Keegan homestead was situated just across Stoney Creek, on the south side and opposite the home occupied in their last days by his parents. There was no bridge and they crossed on a large log from one side of the creek to the other when visiting each other. The farm, long the home of the Thoma Family is now owned by a stranger to me but the buildings are still in good repair.

MICHAEL KEEGAN — Michael Keegan, married Catherine Callahan and had the following children: Margaret, Elizabeth, Annie and Julia (both died in early girlhood) Clinton, Katherine, Alice and Felicitas.

THOMAS KEEGAN — Thomas Keegan married, in his late thirties, Kitty Murphy, a young school teacher. He lived but a short time after this and had one son, who died at about two years, and one son, Thomas, born after his death. His wife married later a Michael McManus and had two daughters: Julia and Sarah or Sadie. None now living.

The children of Mary Keegan Lynch and her husband, William Lynch were: Kate, Jane, John, Mary (our mother) Margaret, Lawrence, Julia, Tommie, and Oliver. Lawrence died at the age of five and Tommie at the age of one.

MARGARET KEEGAN — Margaret Keegan married Bernard Mahon of Toledo, Ohio, who was a fine man and well-doing. He was a detective and because of being on the trail of a bunch of criminals, he was murdered. His body was placed in a barrel and thrown into the Maumee River and was not found for some months. His wife Margaret, who worshipped him, was heartbroken and was never the same after his death. She erected a very expensive monument to his memory in the Toledo cemetery, and lived to be quite old but never recovered from the shock of his death. Their children were: Jennie, Thomas, Elizabeth, Joseph, Mame, Bill, Albert and Jim. Jennie was the only one to leave children. She married James Carr and had a girl and three boys.

PATRICK KEEGAN — Patrick Keegan early went to Toledo to live. He married Elizabeth Reilley and their children were Joseph, Edward, Frank, and Eva.

JOSEPH KEEGAN — Joseph Keegan also made Toledo his home and there married Anne Calkins (or Caulkins) and had two sons and one daughter — I do not know their names, Joseph, a dark retiring, handsome man, seemingly was not as socially minded as his brother Patrick and his wife was of the same type — so there was less association with his family then there was between the others, who were mostly very devoted to their relations.

Of the children of our great grandparents Patrick and Jane Dease Keegan and their progeny: Michael's family were as follows:

Margaret married Dominic Conlisk and had Emma, Katherine, Cora, George, Etta and Bert. George of Los Angeles, married and had a family; Emma, the oldest, Katherine and Etta did not marry and Cora married a Mr. Larkins. Bert and George are the only ones of the family now living (1947) as far as I know. (1957 — all now deceased.)

Libbie or Elizabeth Keegan, married Samuel Hatch and had no children; both are now dead. Clinton never married. Katie married Edward Hurd and had children: Isabel (single) Clinton (single) and Eddie married and had one son, Harold of Fresno, California. Alice married Frank Donnelly and had Arthur, Frank and Leo, all now dead, and no children. Felicitas or "Lista" married George Dorr and there were no children.

Of Mary Keegan Lynch's family: Kate married Frederick Bliel and had Margaret (died at three) and Elizabeth, who married Moses Dusseau and had three children: Douglas, unmarried and who died at the age of 33; Grace, married (first to Cyril McLaughlin, now dead, and afterwards to C. Q. Smith also dead, of Detroit, now married to Judge Weideman; no children. Blanche married Leonard Mabbott of Fairbault, Minnesota, one child, Marylin. Jane Lynch married Charles Leonard and had Blanche, unmarried, died 1953; Frank, Charles and George. George married and had three sons. He lives at Valejo, California.

John Lynch married late in life (Mary Cross) and had no children.

Mary (mother) married Williard Golden and had Louise, who married William Maurer and had two children, Mrs. Alphonse Wallich, Ada, and Genevieve, Mrs. Benedict H. Lee, with four children: Mary, William, Katherine and Robert.

William Lee married Marietta Moesta and they have four children: Robert, Kevin, Mary, Jane.

Robert married Mary Louise St. Germaine and they now have four children two girls and two boys.
remember the girls names.

Mary Lee married Dr. L. C. Bailes, of Andersen, South Carolina. They now have six children, who names I do not know.

Katherine Lee married Christopher Carson, an officer in the U.S. Navy. They are now residing in Japan. They have three children, two boys and a girl.

Adelaide (Sister M. Generosa) a member of the I.H.M. a teacher and principal, who died August 6, 1945.

Julia Lynch married James Dunn and had Bessie, William and Julia; Bessie married Thomas Kiley and had children: Tom, Blanche, Laura, Walter and Richard. The only progeny at present (1947) are four sons of Tom and wife.

Blanche married Arthur Julian and died childless. Laura is married to Mr. Dave Ekberg and has adopted a child. Walter has no children his wife being an invalid, and Richard and wife had twin boys who died at birth (1947). (Now 1957 have two

children). Will Dunn died single, the last member of the Keegan, Dease, Lynch blood to remain on a farm.

Julia Dunn married John Longpre and had children: Madeleine, Terence, Louis and Rose Mary. Madeleine (trained nurse) is single; Terence died after a long illness at 21; Louis married Genevieve there are two adopted sons; Rose Mary is still single. Louis spent several years of the last war in the army, the last two of these in Europe.

Oliver Lynch, youngest member of the family died single.

Oliver Keegan, son of Patrick and Jane Dease Keegan, married the young widow, Katherine Blue McOscar, as has been before mentioned. Their children were:

Thomas, prominent builder and contractor, married Ellen Reilly and had Oliver, Ann, John, Mame, Frank, Dan, Joe, Will, Nellie and Katie.

Oliver married Seraphine Rupp and had Joseph, Walter, Dorothy, Esther, Margaret, Josephine and Elsie.

Anna, a lovely young woman died single in her middle thirties.

John, married in Detroit, and had a son and a daughter. I do not know their names.

Mame married John Kiley and had no children.

Dan, a handsome young man of 23 joined the army to fight in the Spanish American War and died in camp, December, 1898.

Joe also died young and single.

Frank married twice, his first wife dying shortly after marriage, he married the second time a Miss Viola Brancheau and had four sons and one daughter, Jean. The four sons Thomas, Ercel, Donald and Frank all took part in the late war and one, Ercel was lost in Europe in 1944.

Thomas married Marie Cousino and has two sons, John and Michael, and two daughters, Martina and Robin.

Donald married Marjorie Jane Baker and has three sons, James, Donald T., and Robert.

Frank married Louise Pursifull and has three daughters, Patricia, Debra and Terry.

Jean married Elmo Williams and has four daughters, Sandra, Coleen, Sheila and Nancy and a son, Daniel.

Will married Gertrude A. Straub, and has four children, whose names I do not know.

Nellie married Edward Nadeau and had three children, Margaret, Thomas and one who died in infancy.

Katie married Charles Leonard and had two daughters and six sons. I do not know their names.

The only members of the Tom Keegan and Ellen Reilly family now living are Oliver, Frank, Nellie and Will.

Michael Keegan died single. Margaret who married William Preece had Oliver, Harry and Sadie. Oliver married and had a son who died. Harry had two sons, one of whom is still living. Sadie, had no children.

Grandfather William Lynch, was born in County Westmeath, Ireland, March 15, 1812 and died in February 1892 of a stroke of paralysis.

William's father, Lawrence Lynch, was a tenant farmer on the estate of a Mr. Smith, near their home. As a little boy, William helped his father in the large gardens of the estate, when not in school. His mother's name was Katherine O'Brine, and he had three brothers and one sister; all of whom later came to America, except the youngest brother who remained with his parents. Tom Lynch, who stayed in Brooklyn after emigrating to America, was a bachelor and once came West to visit William and his family. Grandmother, Mary Keegan Lynch, told of what a fine man he was, a teetotaler, industrious and high-principled. After returning East he married and had some children but the families lost trace of each other.

Grandfather Lynch went to a good school in Ireland and received what was thought to be a good education for those days. He brought some of his books along with him and I can remember seeing a Euclid among them. One of his early teachers was named Mr. Bonney. In his last illness, when his mind was wandering, he referred to tricks he and his school mates had played on "Old Bonney."

He and two of his brothers came to America on a "Clipper Ship" about the year

1832, making the voyage in 30 days, considered very fast for that day. While grandfather's brothers remained in New York, he got work on the Erie Canal (then building) and worked his way to Buffalo and then to Monroe, Michigan, arriving about the same time the Keegan family did, 1835.

William Lynch was a natural born farmer, and no man ever had a better or more efficient helpmate than was grandmother. As has been before mentioned, hard and efficient work upon the part of each, gradually converted a dense forest into a very good home. Beautiful orchards of choice apple and cherry trees, a vineyard, currant and berry bushes, and excellent garden, well fenced and well drained fields which produced grain, hay and vegetables in abundance. He kept good live stock, cattle, horses and sheep, and as the years went on they built a good house, barns, and granaries, tool sheds, etc. Grandmother raised plenty of chickens, ducks and geese from which she always made fluffy pillows and bed-ticks. From the wool of the sheep she wove woolen blankets and cloth. She was a famous weaver and she had her own yarn, from which she and her daughters knitted caps, mittens and stockings.

There were always big crocks of butter, home made cheese salted and smoked meats, eggs, fowl. The surplus was sold to the village store-keeper in exchange for the coffee, tea, sugar and other commodities not produced on the farm.

Grandfather Lynch, although industrious and thrifty was extremely conservative and afraid of debt. For this reason he failed to branch out and buy more land in a day when land was cheap and plentiful. Nevertheless, in spite of many losses and of raising a large family, through the good management of both, there was always a plentiful table and a comfortable home.

Grandmother's health began to fail in middle life but she was a tremendous worker, and circumstances, seemed to require that she keep on working long after she should have eased up a bit. She had heart trouble, yet, the day before she died, she had baked a big baking of bread, mince pies, and cookies; churned butter and did her regular Saturday house-cleaning. She was expecting the next day a visit from her son John and daughter Margaret and her daughter Julia and family, and always gave the family a big dinner. Next morning, January 9, 1884, she was found dead in her bed by her little granddaughter, Lizzie Bliel, who lived with her, from the time her mother died, when Lizzie was a year old.

Her death was a shock to all of us. It made such an impression on me that I never liked to visit at the home afterward, although heretofore enjoying it greatly. She was always so good to children, stuffing us with cookies, etc. and visiting with us as though we were grown folks. Grandmother must have been a handsome girl when young. She was of medium height and weight, with black hair, brown eyes and regular features. When I first remember her, she must have been in her early fifties but she looked more like seventy, because of her hard work. The courageous spirit of the pioneer woman (born in a castle in Ireland) was so much stronger than the body that enclosed it, that she wore herself out before her time.

She had a cheery disposition but a quick, hot temper, soon over. She was highly emotional and romantic (the exact opposite in this to her husband). She loved and spoiled her sons, to their great disadvantage, but was strict with her daughters. One of her sayings was, "There is nothing so bad as a lazy woman." She was charity and generosity personified, with relatives, friends and neighbors, going to their assistance in trouble or illness at any time of day or night and often helping to clothe and feed the poorer ones. In her later days, her nearest neighbors were German Lutherans, some of whom could not even speak English, yet she neighbored back and forth with them and there was real friendship established. When they heard of her sudden death, they were inconsolable.

Grandmother was a good mixer and very sociable. Outside of her family, her most intimate friends were the Loudens, Thayers, Donaldsons Fanheystalks and Moores. All were Protestant but that mattered little to grandmother. Mrs. Louden and she were like sisters.

Grandfather and grandmother belonged to St. Patrick's Church and were some of its builders. They were strict and faithful church-goers in spite of the great difficulty of getting there, what with bad roads and living five miles from the church. Grandmother, although so charitable, was not as pious as was grandfather. It was he who always taught his children their prayers and instructed them in their religion.

Both of them liked to read, grandfather, books and the newspapers and grand-

mother, fiction. I can still, in imagination, see her sitting at her churn, working away with one hand and with a book in her other hand, reading some story. Grandfather was very interested in Irish politics took the paper called "The Boston Pilot" and on Sunday afternoons, his neighbor, Patrick Queenan would come over and they would discuss the wickedness of England in her persecution of Ireland, their beloved homeland.

Grandfather Lynch, was a tall, thin man and had brown hair, blue eyes and a roman nose. He never lost either his hair or his teeth and his teeth were double all the way around. He was a very early riser and went to bed "with the chickens." He was silent and rather unsociable, although he seemingly always got along with his wife's many relatives and friends and although "close" with his money, never seemingly objecting to her many charities. At the family gatherings and parties he always sang songs, having a good voice and knowing many Irish songs.

In his early days he was considered athletic, being a great exponent of "the Grape-vine twist" (whatever that was), but as long as I can remember him, he was stooped and walked with an awkward, shuffling step. He was not one to talk to children, so we never came close to him as we did our grandmother.

After grandmother's death, and Aunt Margaret's marriage to James Tobin, Aunt Jane Leonard and her two children, Blanche and George, came to keep house for grandfather and stayed with him until his death.

Great grandfather and grandmother's graves may be seen in the old cemetery at St. Patrick's Church and grandfather and grandmother's graves are in what is now called the new cemetery at the same location.

A CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF THE WILLARD AND MARY GOLDEN FAMILY BY GERTRUDE M. GOLDEN

The early life of the Willard and Mary Golden Family has been sketched in the Family History, although not the personal history of each of their children; so this time I hope to give a short account of the life of each of their children, trusting, that some day one of their children or grandchildren may be enough interested in their ancestry to write a more detailed account of same.

The first child of Willard and Mary Golden was Mary Louise, or Lulu as she was always called, in spite of her dislike of the nickname.

On one of her later birthdays, while thinking of her, I composed these short verses, which in very few words tell much of her disposition and life.

TO MARY LOUISE GOLDEN MAURER

The eldest of ten
In a pioneer day;
Much time spent at work
And little at play.

Mother's helper at eight
And grandmothers, too,
With curley, brown hair
And eyes very blue.

What with study and work,
And with sewing beside,
She was never a shirk
What e'er might betide.

At sixteen a teacher
With much pride and joy,
As severe as you please
With both girl and boy.

At twenty-one married
To a man good and true.
Two sweet, lovely girls
Gold hair and eyes blue.

And always, and always
Right down through the years
She was ready to help
Where was sorrow or tears.

And now the dim shadows
Are gathering fast,
No more can she help
As she did in the past.

But oh, how we miss
Her good face at the door,
When illness or trouble
Confront us once more.

A lifetime of service
And help to her kin,
A crown of approval
Above she should win.

Willard Golden and Mary Lynch were married in May 1866 at Saint Patrick's Church, Stony Creek and after a short journey to Adrian, for a visit to Willard's sister and family, Sarah Gaffney, they returned, and for several weeks they lived at Mary's parents home while their log house was being built on the old Plank Road, a mile distant.

On April 28th, the following year, Lulu was born to the young couple, and has been described as being a beautiful and healthy child. Also, a very bright and forward one, who walked and talked early and at the age of two years could sing a little hymn, taught to her by her proud, young mother.

In these pioneer days, most couples looked for a boy as their first child, who might work along with his father to clear the forest from the farming land — and when the next child was born, a year from the following May and was a girl, and a sturdy, healthy one, the mother was somewhat disappointed, but when in another couple of years, a **THIRD GIRL** put in an appearance, rather a small and not too sturdy one at that, the young mother was quite shamefaced and disappointed, although the father loved all just the same, and not being too ambitious as a farmer, anyway, seemingly did not feel badly about not having a son.

However, the babies coming along so fast and regularly, gave much work to the young mother, and although she had been raised on a farm and knew how to work, the lack in those days of any of the conveniences now enjoyed by the housekeepers of the present, gave little time for the pampering of the children, also there was no foolish advocating of child psychology, as of today, and what the Bible advocated as the rule to follow i.e. "Bring up the child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart therefrom" "Spare the rod, and spoil the child" So, although well nourished, kept clean and cared for, the child must learn early in life that there were certain duties, in the way of small tasks, required of them each day. So they learned to work early in life and few of them considered this to be a hardship.

Lulu was an indoor child, somewhat afraid of farm animals and not caring greatly for out-door play. Neither seemingly, did she care for dolls or other toys but later in life, when she was not more than ten years of age, she was found reading, "Plutarchs Lives," one of the books father had brought home from the library for his own reading.

Lulu grew fast and at the age of fourteen was as large as she ever was and much ashamed of her early development, and caused her to be rather withdrawn from other children of her own age or younger. In later years she told of how she saved her pennies for a long time, in order to get the price of a corset (one dollar) which she thought might conceal her early development.

When quite young she was called upon very often to help grandmother who, was a great worker, but there was an invalid daughter in the family and there was no chance of hiring domestic help in the country in that day.

She was very studious but had a poor type of school to attend and at the age of fourteen she knew more than did the majority of her teachers. So she studied at home, mother hearing her lessons.

The year she was preparing to receive her First Communion she stayed in Monroe with Grandfather and Grandmother Golden and attended school at Saint Mary Academy. She was a member of the first class to receive Holy Communion at Saint John's Church — then under Father Maas.

At the age of fifteen she tried and passed a teacher's examination and received a third grade certificate to teach, and she started to teach a month before she passed her sixteenth birthday.

The school was situated at Stony Point, on Lake Erie, five miles from her home. She often told later, that it was not the teaching that she found hard to take, but the being away from home and among the French people of the locality, who talked little English. However, she learned quite a lot of French while there and in later schools, which were usually along the Lake and among French settlers.

At home, when neighbor boys and girls came to call or to spend the evenings, she would go to her room and not appear. She did not feel they were good company and was just not going to be bored with them. Addie and I were so fond of company, whether our own kind or not, that we welcomed and enjoyed having them.

However, later, when Lulu was seventeen or eighteen years of age while teach-

ing, she met many nice young folks whom she enjoyed visiting with and often brought them home to stay over Sunday.

As she grew older she also realized the wisdom of cultivating the school patrons, both parents and young folks and she became very popular with them. For many years after she had quit teaching, when one of the old French Settlers would hear the name of GOLDEN they would say "That Lulie Golden, she nice girl. Good teacher, too!"

However, she was a teacher of the kind mentioned in the song "READING: RITEN And RITHMETIC: TAUGHT TO THE TUNE OF A HICKORY STICK"

She ruled with a rod of iron, and in one case, at Pointe Moullie School, when she had used the stick on a certain boy, the father of the boy, ignorant but important member of the district, took the matter to court and she was fined twenty dollars (the salary of one month's teaching). She got off more easily than she would have, had it not been that Uncle Charlie Golden (the best lawyer in the city of Monroe) was her lawyer in the case.

As to her home life at this period there was a great affection and bond of sympathy between her and mother, and mother, who had plenty of worries and hardships to endure, confided too much of this to her daughter, causing her to be often morose, silent and withdrawn toward us others of the family.

As for me, I never felt that I knew her well until after she was married and visited her at the home in Adrian, or she would come home for visits in the country with her children.

When our parents went to Monroe on business and were gone for the day and left Lulu in charge (at twelve or thirteen) she surely "made us step".

She had no trouble with most of us, but the ever obstreperous Ned, and sometimes Addie, too, would refuse to fall in with all her plans or discipline.

Mostly, she was determined that home would be all in order and cleaned up beautifully, before mother came home and praised her for her ability to keep house.

When Lulu was about nineteen, she was teaching at Pointe Moullie, and boarding with a family named ROBARE (or Roberts in English). There were besides the parents, three young girls and two young men in the family. They were very social and good company so there were plenty of dances and card parties and fun that winter, besides the work. In the neighborhood, too, there was a family of the same name having two very pretty daughters and a handsome young son, who drove a team of nice horses on a top-buggy. He took Lulu home a couple of Sundays and I greatly admired him.

However, there was one of the sons of the family with whom she lived that developed a serious CASE on Lulu and proposed to her. She was thinking it over and consulting mother, when suddenly he married a very young French girl in the neighborhood. Whether he became jealous of his cousin, Charlie, who was paying attention to the young teacher, also, or because she was too long in deciding the case, it was never known — but Providence probably guided her from a great mistake in her marriage, for it would have been entirely unsuitable, although he was not a bad fellow.

Not more than a year after this, she went to Adrian to be bridesmaid for her cousin, Gert Gaffney, who was marrying John Maurer and had as groomsman his brother Will. And oh my! how I did admire all the lovely clothes she was getting for the trip and secretly tried on her pretty shoes and slippers.

The groomsman, Will, developed an immediate CASE on the pretty young school teacher as did Niell Hayes, a young Irishman who was at the wedding, but who was slower at the "pick-up" than was Will. He was nine years her senior, a good-looker, a good dresser, a good spender AND A GOOD MAN. He rushed her off her feet.

Lulu was very sick of school teaching, and also of the country life and big family in a rather small home, and became engaged to him quite soon.

He wrote to her EVERY DAY, and as there was at that time no rural delivery, she sent some of the family to Newport a couple of times a week to pick up her mail and there was always a number of letters in Will's very distinctive handwriting.

They were married on the twenty-first of September 1888, at Saint Patrick's Church, with Addie and Father George Maurer as bridesmaid and groomsman

(George was then a deacon) Mother had given a small wedding with only the relatives on each side.

I had just begun my first term of school at Long Bridge and had come to the wedding with Uncle Jim and Aunt Julia Dunn. The most vivid memories I had of the wedding was, that I secretly cried in church that morning, as they were being married and again, coming back that night with the Dunn's. Not only was this because I was going to miss her very much (as they were to live in Adrian) but instinctively knew that I was to take up the burden she laid down in helping the family, as older sister at home.

During the next year a cute, little baby girl put in an appearance at 39 Butler Street, Adrian, and sixteen months later another nice baby girl was born to them. Ada, the first and Genevieve the second. Mother went to Adrian to help out, although there was a practical nurse there. When Addie's vacation came along she, too, went to Adrian to help with the little baby, Ada, and just loved her, and the care of her.

When they had been married some twelve or thirteen years they bought a store on Michigan Ave. Detroit. There were at the time no very good schools in Adrian and they wanted to go where the girls might attend a good school. The store they had bought was a dry-goods store and after buying it, they found they had been gypped, for the stock was old and out of date. Poor Will was quite discouraged, but Lulu started a millinery store on one side of the building, and although never having had any experience in making or buying hats, she hired a good milliner, took lessons herself and so soon was making more money on her side of the place, than Will was on his.

It was during their first year, too, that Will had rheumatism and Ada had Typhoid Fever, but the good mother kept up through it all, and with a good maid in the kitchen, and a good clerk in the dry goods store, things were managed until Will grew better and was able to take over again. Later he got rid of the old stock and bought a good type and they each began to make money.

The girls graduated from St. Vincent's High School and started to Normal School but would always help on Saturday in the store.

After the girls graduated from Normal School they began to teach school and continued to do so until they married. Their mother was not only a hat maker but a very good dressmaker and made most of their dresses. They were not only very good-looking girls but always some of the best and most tastefully dressed in their group.

A modern definition of a well educated person is "ONE WHO KNOWS HOW TO DO MANY THINGS AND DO THEM WELL". This fitted Lulu to a tee. She knew how to be a tactful and faithful wife, mother, housekeeper, cook, dressmaker hat-maker and nurse, and a good financier. When poor Will died she took over the store and ran it with the help of a couple good clerks and of the girls, in their spare time. Eventually she sold out the stock and rented the store.

Much more might be told of her later life and investments but cannot be included here.

After a couple of years illness, which started with a stroke, while helping me to take care of mother, she died at the home of her daughter Ada and husband Alphons, on July 24th, 1948.

Adelaide Mary Golden was born on May 14th, 1868, on a farm five miles north of Monroe, the second child of Willard and Mary Lynch Golden. Her mother's love of poetry, and especially of the poetry of Adelaide Proctor, named her second daughter Adelaide, after her.

Adelaide, or Addie as she was always called, was a healthy, chubby round faced child, with a rather flat nose, high forehead, firm chin, hazel eyes and thick chestnut colored hair.

She was an out-door type of child from her earliest year, loving animals, especially when it was driving horses or riding them. She, as well as I, was the active, tom-boy type of children, in this being quite unlike our older sister, who was mother's helper and an interested reader very early in her life.

Although I, too, liked tree climbing, horseback riding and all the young animals on the place, I could never compete with Addie in these things or rough games,

as she was a strong, healthy child and I was small and none too well. Father called me "PEE WEE", a small bird.

She was Father's helper as she grew older, riding horses, driving home the cows and milking them when necessary, something I never could learn to do. However, we both helped with gardening, raising chickens, ducks and turkeys; I also with taking care of the babies and younger members of the family. We each admired and respected greatly, our older sister for lady-like behavior and her scholarship but despaired of emulating her.

Both Addie and I loved company, whereas Lulu was most particular of her social contacts. It is true that living as we did on a farm, we must associate with our neighbors who were not always of our type if we wished company, so we had very few playmates out of our school term, when we had our classmates for friends, some of whom lived at a distance. On a neighboring rented farm, the tenants moved from time to time and seldom had children that our mother considered good companions for us.

Mother planned that each of her girls should become teachers, as in that day there was little else that a country girl could do to earn a living. In the cities there were many things a girl could find to do, being office girls or clerking in stores, dressmaking etc. Our elder sister, as said before, had succeeded in passing teachers' examination and had started to teach at sixteen but we had no inclination to follow her example in this and I must confess neither of us looked forward toward being teachers, although our father had taught school winters and his brother and a sister of his had also taught for a time. So it was natural we should follow the family trail. However, our wishes in this line were not realized and each of us later was obliged to make a life work of it. I became a teacher at seventeen but when Addie showed no inclination toward that profession, mother sent her into Monroe to learn dressmaking trade, which she did and became an expert with the needle.

When Addie was about seventeen an uncle of ours and his family moved to Detroit and the uncle went into a small business of making wooden buckets to hold molasses, honey, apple butter, etc. They asked that Addie come to live with them and help take care of the children and to work at the bookkeeping, etc., in the small factory. So mother allowed her to go.

She came home for a vacation that Christmas, looking GLORIOUS, I thought, in a beautiful dark green suit, trimmed with gray fur, and made by herself. Her hat was green velvet, also trimmed with the fur. She had earned very little, but in spite of that, she brought a nice gift for every one at home. Always generous to a fault, she received the right name when entering the religious life and was named Sister Generosa. We missed her at home very much, as she was always so socially inclined, so uncritical and had such a keen sense of humor. She was not only very popular with those of her own age but also with uncles, aunts and cousins. These traits of character brought to the home many friends and relatives. Although she loved company, boys and men were always on the same level of friendship as were the girls and women.

She was as good as a vaudeville show when she and one of her girl friends met and each would take the part of a couple of old Irish women they knew and carry on a conversation so like the original, we would laugh ourselves sick listening to them.

An occurrence at the time she was about eight years of age, goes to show her friendly nature which brought considerable censure to her.

Aunt Julia was getting married and grandmother was giving a small wedding for relatives, only. When baking the wedding-cakes Grandmother ran out of cake pans and sent Addie to borrow a couple from the German neighbors. She not only borrowed the cake-pans but invited the Yoas Family (from whom the pans were borrowed) to the wedding the next day. The bride and her family were surprised at the appearance of uninvited guests until it came out that Addie had invited them. Luckily, there was plenty of food and Grandmother made them welcome.

Uncle Gus Golden and family, with whom Addie had stayed at first, left Detroit and returned to their farm at Sandy Creek after a time, but Addie stayed and found work there and boarded with a family who lived on the corner of Wabash and Dalzelle Streets. This was a short distance from St. Vincent's Church, so she

attended Mass there and jointed the Young Ladies' Society, Father Dougherty then being the pastor.

Among the members of the society there was a girl named Nellie Lutz, with whom she became very good friends and who was very full of life and fun. However, after a time Nellie was taken sick with what they then called "quick consumption" and died, to the great grief of all who knew her and more especially her chum, Addie. She was a very religious girl and bore her illness patiently and faced death with complete resignation.

It was shortly after this happened that Addie began to consider entering the religious life. During her summer vacation while visiting her sister Lulu and family in Adrian, she contracted the germs of Typhoid fever which was prevalent in the city that summer. Shortly after she returned to her work in Detroit, she was prostrated with a very virulent type of typhoid and came very close to death. Mother went to Detroit and nursed her through six weeks of it at her boarding place, as apparently there was but one hospital in Detroit at the time and no nurses to speak of.

The recovery from this very severe illness seemingly decided her in the desire to enter the religious life, and the following article relates in full her success and happiness in her chosen life work.

Sister Miriam wrote the following lines to add to the article by Sister Phileppa:

"Adelaide Mary Golden was born on May 14th, 1868, on a farm five miles north of Monroe on the old plank road, now called Telegraph Road. She was the second daughter in a large family. The names of Lulu, Gertrude, Frank, Oliver, Leo and Walter Golden are familiar to most of the Sisters who lived in the community during the first half of the present century, as were the names of their grandparents, Patrick and Mary Golden, to the the early members of the order in Monroe. They were intimate friends and benefactors of the Sisters whose lives were spent in Monroe at the Motherhouse.

Oliver J. Golden was counsel for the community through a period of twenty-five years, having been contacted by Sister Miriam for legal advice in her arduous work, and he consequently ranks first as one of our lay benefactors, because of his devotion to the interests of the community and the advice given through the crucial times of the building of Marygrove College, the fire in 1929, the bank moratorium, the rebuilding of Saint Mary's and the post war depression. The Golden family were so united that words on paper cannot express the unity. Sister Generosa's name had a charm for her dear ones, and even after she left the fireside they felt as though she was counsellor and big sister."

SISTER M. GENEROSA (GOLDEN)

By Sister Philippa I.H.M.

Some years ago a Sister who was visiting Saint Francis DeSales School was seated at the desk in the school office, working. Behind her at a large table was a committee of high school girls engrossed in a business meeting. The work finished, they went on with cooperative study. They worked faithfully for some time and then, true to school girl fashion, engaged in conversation. One girl, apparently a leader in thought and decision, was questioned about not moving away and leaving school. She answered ardently, "Oh, I'm so glad I didn't have to go for a reason that you'd never suspect. All my life I had hoped to meet a nun who would be my ideal of what a true nun would be, and I have met her since I came here." Pressed by her companions she told about how she had learned at home about Sisters and her idea and her ideal was that they were angels in human form. They could do and would do no wrong; show no human weakness. She started to school and all went well for some time. She was awed by her contact with her first grade teacher. Then one day Sister showed impatience to a little child, and her ideal was shattered. She went on to say that she still hoped to meet the Sister who fitted her ideal of a nun, but each year in each grade — she giving the details — the ideal toppled from the pedestal. But now she had found her. She described a sister with a charming personality that had a fascination about it, with kind and gracious manners; she was courteous, tactful and sympathetic; she had tranquil self possession, and taught boys and girls as friends and companions, not as underlings. She related incidents when

pupils would expect a breakdown, but Sister was always a lady and a religious; she told of her kindness with the slow learners, helping them but not humiliating them, nor was she impatient with the unprepared lesson but settled down in a businesslike way to prepare it and to teach it.

The visiting Sister turned, with "Pray tell me who this wonderful Sister might be"? The girl very seriously and sincerely answered, "Why Sister, don't you know her? Don't you know our Mother Generosa?" And then followed a further characterization that might well have been an extract from a spiritual book on the Ideal Religious.

She played the piano medium well, could sing and when she mimicked some of the old Irish women of her acquaintance, she was as entertaining as a vaudeville show.

Sister entered the Community on June 6th, 1894, received the holy habit on December 27th, 1894 — she was one of Mother Leocadia's first novices and was professed December 10th, 1896. Her years and places of mission services read as follows:

1895-1896	St. Mary, Cheyboygan
1896-1898	St. Michael, Flint
1898-1903	St. Philip, Battle Creek
1903-1904	Holy Rosary, Detroit
1904-1905	SS Peter & Paul, Ionia
1905-1906	Our Lady of Help, Detroit
1906-1919	Blessed Sacrament, Detroit
1919-1925	Saint Frederick, Pontiac
1925-1929	Saint Catherine, Detroit
1929-1933	Saint Rose, Detroit
1933-1939	Blessed Sacrament, Detroit
1939-1944	Saint Francis de Sales, Detroit
1944-1945	Mother House, Monroe

Sister Generosa, less than a year at home and so delighted to be there, was called to her reward August 17th, 1945. She had been ill but a few months of Hodgkins Disease.

There was a certain perfection, a finish to everything that her mind conceived and her hand touched, much like the work done by an artist or sculptor. As school woman her skill as an administrator and her power of organization were of the highest type — scarcely felt. Those living with her hardly realized that she was superior and principal. There were no commands, nothing dictatorial, yet things were accomplished with the greatest efficiency, with a lovely graciousness and in perfect order. Her spirit permeated the school and convent, "A perfect woman, nobly planned who, herself, planned nobly."

To the last year on mission she did the active work of teaching. There was none of the scintillating, effervescent quality of the present day in Sister Generosa's teaching. She taught and the pupils learned. Soon as she entered the class room she began her instruction. Perhaps it was a bright, witty remark — the first period of the class work always very attractive to the students. Sometimes the children raced in the corridor to get to the class at the earliest possible moment, and when chided by the sister on hall duty would answer: "We can't miss a word of what Mother Generosa has to say." It may have been Sister Generosa's promptness reflected in her students. At Saint Frederick's she was never a second late for class teaching. No matter how urgent the affairs in the school office, Sister Generosa stood outside the classroom door before the bell for the exchange of classes. She never wasted any of the pupils' time. A familiar echo as one passed down the hall, in gentlest tones, "Let's see if we cannot get it together. We can if we try." It is really difficult, and the slow pupils in Latin were made successful. Her literary classes were of extraordinary interest and excellence. It was not unusual for the pupils to invite the sisters on the floor in to listen, and some said that the class was something that one would pay to hear.

Friday afternoon in the study hall seemed as obligatory as hearing Mass on Sunday. Sister never deviated. The assembly room received an extra cleaning during the noon hour, the early afternoon session was shortened, and then Mother Generosa, standing qucenly before the high-school body, with a gentle graciousness,

taught politeness, courtesy and all that makes for Christian living, in an interesting and serious manner, yet so attractively that the student body tried to measure up to her standards. Or was it that she was the active instrument of God's grace, reaching the souls of the children?

The influence was spiritual. The lesson was followed by a general assembly meeting prepared and conducted by the students. They brought before the house pertinent questions, discussed them freely, but in good order, strictly in accordance with parliamentary practice. It was a chance for Sister to do practical teaching.

In school work Sister seemed to live ahead of her time. She did not take current courses in education, nor get her methods from books, which since have flooded the teaching profession, but she thought out the needs of the children and tried to supply help for every viewpoint. She saw the lives of the children steadily and she saw them whole. Her usual method in the class room was the socialized recitation, conducted with courtesy and effectiveness. She did not call it by that name but her common sense dictated it to be the normal procedure in the learning process. Provision was made for "individual differences"; this was very noteworthy in giving instructions in the Baltimore Catechism, for children who had entered high school without having been in a Catholic grade school. It was not only the use of technical and professional terms but practical help for each child at his own level. Every child must learn, not all in the same measure because God had not endowed everyone with the same mental power, any more than he had given the same physical features to all, or called all to the same degree of sanctity — these were some of Sister Generosa's pedagogy principles, often given on a trip across the campus to or from school in Pontiac.

In the same school there was a Mexican group to be taught. She directed that these children had to be given the mental concept of our English words and their interpretation. She would say, "Perhaps they are not so backward; we are slow in grasping their bourgeois than they are in adopting their English". It was a practical Reading Readiness program.

An outstanding virtue of Sister Generosa's teaching life was her love of the poor children and her charity in providing for them. It seemed the poorer the more forsaken they were the greater was the appeal to her heart. Sister helped them quietly lest in future years something might arise to hurt their feelings. One little story she loved to tell, with a touch of her dramatic mimicry. One day an Italian mother came to enroll two children not yet of school age. Sister Generosa tried to explain to her of the school law, but quickly abandoned the effort. The mother appealed with frantic gestures, and about the only words that Sister could interpret was that at home there was "TOO MUCHA KEED". With Sister charity knew no laws, and the poverty and appeal of the Italian Mother won. By the second year in the school this division of "Too mucha keed" was stepping along with young America and sometimes passing them.

The weekly assembly evolved from her own brain and good judgment; it was not adopted from the neighboring public school. Libraries, properly catalogued and operated, were provided at three levels: high school, upper grade school and the reading nook for the primary department. The furnishings of the library at Saint Frederick's, Pontiac, are still a monument to her ingenuity (money was very scarce in those days) and educational vision. The same high school had a high school paper, "The Owl", which was a work of real art and literary skill, and of which she was justly proud. Her general discipline was not the lock step, dictatorial type but a normal, friendly good conduct, probably secured by her respect for each child. She frequently said that she did not discipline, she just taught the children and they responded.

In the late years, how Sister Generosa regretted the confusion of the world penetrating the class room. Her respect for the opportunities in the education of the Sisters — principles which she had acquired mainly from her own common sense and experience — was so great, that she tried to accede to the "so termed" modern ways, but it did not produce her type of school. She said that the children were the same, so lately from the Mind of God that the divinity shone forth in their souls and they could be directed and molded into better men and women. She realized that the sincere, thoughtful, experienced teacher had a world of wisdom to offer beyond the pale of books and profound educational courses. To her, the expensive

time-consuming standardized tests missed the essentials of teaching — the messages with which the mind of the teacher touched the learning and the soul of the child. The greatest and noblest book of educational wisdom is the heart of the teacher, whose life has daily, thoughtfully and sympathetically contacted the formative years from the first grade through the twelfth, whose heart is great enough to really love every child in God. Such was the heart of Sister Generosa.

As a Superior she was a real mother to the sisters and to the children. Still she did not fail to call attention to something needing correction. Her manner was usually quiet and earnest, just using a conversational tone. Her correction to those who were becoming too serious about their work, or too complaining, or to those to whom the things of the world were gaining an ascendancy over their spiritual life, was more often a neat little witticism that brought the sister to her senses and she changed her attitude herself.

She was very averse to any form of slovenliness in the childrens' work or in housekeeping in the convent or in the school; she was also intolerant of loud or boistrous voices and persevered in trying to subdue the noise of too exuberant spirits and of the world in general.

The following is a memoir from one who knew her from her school days at St. Mary's and was closely associated with her through her religious life. They had many gifts in common; both were lovers of books and reading, and were endowed with a special gift in writing; both were rare conversationalists; women of culture and truest spirituality. When Sister offered the lines as a memorial she said. "You cannot put Sister Generosa into words on paper. She was too big and noble and true. I think she accomplished her ideal as a religious union with her Divine Spouse — in a simple, direct manner". (Our dear Sister Caritis Ferguson as she awaits God's call to eternity).

Sister Generosa attained mature womanhood amply dowered with gifts of head, heart and mind that rendered her a charming companion to her friends among the laity, and to her Sisters in the cloister.

Whether as an instructor in the class room or as Superior in the Community she ever radiated a joyousness of heart that permeated the group with whom she worked. She had a superb sense of humor which so often characterized her accounts of daily happenings. Too, this gift often evaporated the overhanging cloud of gloom that was the natural atmosphere of less gifted natures.

She inherited a love of books — books that told of peoples, of their struggles and victories — yes, of their defeats followed by hope, not despair. Sister was an optimist while very practical.

One of the elements that helped to mold her temperament was, I think, the wide open stretches of farmland in her earliest years. She knew how to wait but did not desist from the task she set out to accomplish.

Somewhere she had been enriched with an abiding spirit of piety that carried through every day of her long life, instilling into all the events of life an atmosphere of childlike faith in God's Divine Providence.

Her well balanced judgment as well as her ability to estimate character came in a large measure from that religious poise that dominated her daily life.

Gertrude Golden, her sister, finished the little sketch that she sent with the following: "I shall copy a letter she received the day of her death, but which she never saw. It was written by Right Reverend Monsignor John J. Hunt, an old pupil of hers, and at the time he was Pastor of Visitation Church, Detroit. He died very suddenly two years later. Sister Generosa died August 16, 1945.

Visitation Rectory
1946 Webb Street
Detroit, Michigan
August 16th, 1945

Sister M. Generosa
Monroe, Michigan

Dear Sister,

The Divine Physician is very close to you at this time. He understands deeply your every thought and desire. He knows well, Sister, all the love you have manifested in your noble life for Him. Beginning today, I am having fifty Masses offered for you, whose zeal has been consumed in the crucible of Christ's burning

love. May our Heavenly Father envelope your entire being in his boundless love.

Sincerely in Christ

John J. Hunt

P.S. Remember me, Sister, when you go home. Good-bye and may you see Your Lord soon.

J.J.H.

Monsignor John Hunt, although but fifty-seven years of age died on February 21st, 1949, just two years after Sister Generosa's death.

Quotation of Detroit Free Press when announcing his early death:

"A man of magnetic physical strength and driving force, he gave every waking moment of his life to his work.

Detroiters of all faiths will long remember the great, robust, kindly giant with his captivating smile and his warm handshake. A truly great Christian, the friend of all mankind."

GERTRUDE M. GOLDEN

As to the story of my own life, some of it has been related in writing the histories of my two elder sisters. I have told in my sketch of my sisters, about my not having been very enthusiastically received into the world by my mother, being the third girl when she had been hoping the child would be a boy. In that day and age, and more especially among the farm class, where a boy's help was needed, having the three first children turn out to be girls was a great disappointment, at least to the young mother, for in this case father was entirely content with his girls. Not only was this third child a girl but she was small and rather delicate compared with her strong, healthy, elder sisters.

I can never remember of having been shown any particular affection by my mother, although perhaps receiving the same care as did the others. In those days children were not often petted and fondled, not only because the mother had little spare time in an age when there were none of the conveniences that there are today to help the housewife. But there was also a sort of puritanical attitude that it was wrong to fondle or pet children, this not being conducive to the development of character in the child. However, I must have been very young when I remember of father throwing me up into the air and catching me again and calling me "PeeWee," a small bird.

I was a very sensitive and silent child and received considerable teasing from my older sisters, who did not in early years seem at all companionable to me, and the first long-looked-for boy, coming as he did but a year and a half after I did, was not companionable. His natural disposition was nervous, mischevious and with a love of teasing. Also, he was spoiled by the mother who had looked for his coming so long, so it was with the next in family, also a boy but with a different disposition, who was my playmate: Fred.

We each loved all the young animals on the farm, especially the colts and horses, lambs and also the cats and dog. Not having many toys to speak of in those days, we made our own and had horse-shoes we used for horses, and we made more of corn-stalks and of bark and we plowed fields and planted crops in imagination. We made pens of stove-wood and put young pigs, kittens and puppies in them. However, we were never rough or cruel to the pets; that is, neither Fred or I was, but Ed or Ned, as the eldest boy was called, although not intending to be cruel was often just that.

As I remember, the very first day I went to school at the age of five, I met a little girl of the same age, named Mary. We became chums and were always together whenever we could be, until she married at eighteen and had eleven children. I went to her wedding but that was about the end of our association. One year the teacher separated us and put me in the front seat and she in the back-and THAT WAS A DREARY YEAR FOR US. Doubtless, we studied better when apart.

Father was my first teacher and although he was never strict with us at home, his being the teacher seemingly made a difference. He came around to my seat my first day in school and took my slate and wrote the ABC's on it and told me to make them. I tried very hard to copy them. After much effort I finally got the A and the C and the E looking somewhat like the copy, but "met my Waterloo" on the B and

F and G. So I rubbed out the copy and put my slate in the desk. I was greatly embarrassed when he came around and asked to see my slate, on which he again wrote the letters and I was much relieved when he did not again ask to see it after I tried with the same results and again erased it.

Our district school was directly east of our home, a mile distant, and to get there we must go across fields, woods and climb fences. At times we waded through snow up to our necks but we seemingly did not consider this a hardship, although often our clothing was damp when we reached school and our feet were the same. In the winter we gathered around a very large box-stove (which burned big chunks of wood) to dry out clothing and oftentimes our faces were almost scorched but our backs were cold. Mostly, we never thought of pitying ourselves; all the children were in the "same boat" with us and it was just taken as a matter of course.

During the winter of my thirteenth year, I was absent from school, for over three months with a very severe case of rheumatic fever. A doctor was seldom called to our home in that day, for generally we were a healthy crowd and mother good at home remedies. In the case just mentioned, though, mother realized this as beyond her skill and called in our old doctor and friend to two generations of the family, Doctor Valade, educated in the medical college at Montreal, Canada. He treated me very skillfully but it left a heart condition (leaking valve) which lasted me through life.

However, neither my parents nor I realized this condition was dangerous and when sufficiently recovered I went back to school and also to work at home. I was very early the baby tender for the always busy mother, and because they were good with me, and I took up my "home work" again, carrying around the heavy babies, helping in the garden and the house etc. The first few years there was much pain at times, but I never gave in to it and eventually nature built up a compensation which enabled me to "carry-on" as I had before.

When being examined for insurance the doctor told me I should not venture into climates greatly different from my own state, but I lived for a year at the coldest place in the nation, Fort Belknap, Montana, and again in the hottest place, for a year, Fort Yuma, California.

But, back to our early school days. Considering their handicaps I think the teachers of my early school days did very well. They taught thoroughly the Three R's, "Readin, Riting and Rithmetic", added to spelling, history, geography, a little grammar and in some cases, where the parent desired it, the teacher would agree to help the pupil with some high school subjects.

Discipline was maintained and the hickory stick used in extreme cases but as a rule, discipline could be had without the stick, for at that time a sugar-coating was not needed on every pill of effort in order to make it fun and easy, as it has been for some years past, but genuine work on the part of the pupil if they wished to make the grade.

The parents worked with the teacher in this. To those wishing to get a higher type of education in those days (not many of the farmers were financially well enough off to send them through college) it was necessary to carry on plenty of home study, take extension work from colleges and attend summer schools at colleges, and when one succeeded in passing a third-grade teachers' examination she was thought to be well along in the educational field of that day. The Second Grade teachers' examination was more difficult and gave the teacher permission to teach in the state for three years. Then came the GREAT HURDLE of gaining a STATE CERTIFICATE which enabled the teacher to carry on her work in the state for life.

In my case, after teaching for some years in the country schools I grew very tired of not only the poor pay but the difficulties of getting back and forth from boarding-place or home, to the schools; and of having (as I had at Brest, Monroe County, my last year of teaching in the country) sixty-three pupils in nine different grades; a few of the girls taking ninth grade work, whereas the eighth grade was as far as they were usually carried; a few pupils in each grade but classes reciting most of the day. So I, influenced through some friends who had gone into teaching in the Government Indian Service, took Civil Service examination (two days of very hard work, held in Detroit) and surprisingly to me, passed with good grades. I say surprisingly, because I knew of a couple of other teachers here that had tried and failed. The passing of the Civil Service exam did not, as a rule, result in being ap-

pointed to a position immediately, so I was greatly pleased to receive mine to a school in Oregon within a couple of months. I was offered double the salary I would have received in the schools here and was on my way to Oregon in three days after getting the job.

My experiences in the government Indian Service, lasting from 1901 to 1918 can be read in my book, "RED MOON CALLED ME", so I shall not go into that here.

However, when First World War broke out and our own country went in to it, my brother Oliver enlisted immediately (became a Captain later) and my brother Walter, with whom my mother lived, was also called to go, so I resigned from the Indian Service and came home to be with mother.

I was then lucky enough to obtain a position at the Christianity School but a few doors from my home, where I taught for six years or until my health failed and I was obliged to quit teaching. After growing better, I was employed at Dorsch Memorial Library (half days) for a few years and it was then that I returned to teaching citizenship classes two evenings in the week, also related in another part of this manuscript.

MY FIRST TEACHING EXPERIENCE

I was seventeen when I received my first THIRD GRADE CERTIFICATE and was thus licensed to teach. I was greatly elated, having secured a chance of teaching a two-months fall term at Long Bridge School, Exeter. I was to receive twenty-five dollars a month, as they employed a man teacher in the winter for five months giving him forty dollars a month. This was the rule in that day in many of the district schools. The older farm boys, busy all spring and fall, came to school only in the winter and a lady teacher was not considered capable of administering discipline if they grew rambunctious.

In order to look more mature and dignified, I did my hair on the top of my head cut bangs (formerly wore it in a pony tail, tied with a ribbon in the back) lengthened my dresses to ankle-length and was all set to begin. There were only fifteen rather young children, but I carried on as dignified as though they were full-grown.

This school was six miles from home, so I boarded at Hickey's, where a cousin, Nellie Queenan, sister-in-law of John Hickey, a widower, kept house and a very good cook and housekeeper she was and also took quite a motherly attitude toward the young teacher, her third cousin. For instance, the single young men of the neighborhood of that day always were anxious to become acquainted with the new teacher and were soon flocking around. The Crimmins, McDonald, Cunningham, bachelors, were welcomed by Nellie — but a boy of my own age (the bachelors were all greatly my seniors) and nice looking, attempted to visit me, also, and that proved to be completely out with my landlady. Although there was nothing personally wrong with the boy himself, "some of his family were not as moral as they should be," so that was that!

During these two months, on Friday evenings, my Uncle John Lynch, a widower, would drive up and take me home with him. He lived but a short distance from my home. I would stay all day Saturday at his home, bake bread, fried-cakes and cookies for him and clean up his house before going to my home. Sunday evenings I must return to my boarding place.

With the fifty dollars I earned that fall, I bought as many clothes as one could now buy for a hundred dollars.

I had no school that winter but in the spring got a three months term at Ash Center, three miles from home. Monday mornings and Friday nights I walked the distance home but boarded during the week with an old couple named Benedict.

In this school I had about forty pupils, many of them my own age, but seemingly got along well with them, as many years afterward they would come to see me and praise the work I did with them.

I have no intention to go into the different schools of our township in which I taught or the experiences had there, although will give a few of the difficult times which a country school teacher went through in that day.

My pay never reached more than \$40.00 a month, nine months of the year and three months vacation without pay. When I hear of the amount teachers are now

getting and still wanting more — it is to say: "GERTRUDE YOU WERE BORN TOO SOON!"

SOME OF THE JOYS?? OF TEACHING A COUNTRY SCHOOL IN THE NINETIES

One of the country teacher's ambitions in the nineties, was to raise money in order to start the buying of books to be used as a school library. This was accomplished through box-socials, exhibitions, playlets with song and dance numbers, performed by the pupils of the school.

In the middle nineties, I was teaching in the Havekost School, where I had many pupils of nearly the same age as was I. We were preparing to have an entertainment and box social, to be given for the purpose mentioned above. It was the middle of March and many of the older boys were planning to leave home to go to work in other localities the first of April for the summer months, so we were meeting almost every evening to practice parts for the affair, before they were obliged to leave.

About ten days before the date set for the program, I went home as usual on Friday night. About four in the morning I was seized with very severe cramps but did not awaken the family until the time they usually arose, but then I got up and told mother of my severe cramps. Her usual way of doctoring stomach cramps was to keep cloths wrung out of hot brine on the effected parts. This treatment she carried out while I lay on a couch in the living room. It helped temporarily, but as it was a case of appendicitis (not known by that name in that day) it was probably the worst thing that could have been done. In that day no one called a doctor for a "mere stomach ache" so none was called.

When the pain continued, my whole worry was about getting back to school on Monday morning, as there was nothing that would keep a country school teacher from getting at her work, and on time, each day. On Monday morning the pain was as bad as ever and I could not get around. Mother sent my brother Frank down to the school on horseback to tell Mr. Havekost that I was ill but would be back on Wednesday. He, being the school director, put a notice on the school door to that effect.

Wednesday morning came and I was still in pain, but got up and dressed and was determined to take the trip, chiefly owing to my worry that I must get back to practicing for the entertainment before the older boys left for their work. My poor, dear young brother Frank hitched up the horse to the buggy, mother warmed bricks for our feet and gave me a big blanket to wrap around me over my coat, and we started out.

As per usual in the middle of March, the roads were frozen in lumps after a thaw, and every bump we passed over gave me exquisite pain; luckily, when we reached the school, there were but a few children there and those who were looked at their teacher with fearful and doubtful faces, for I suppose I looked like a ghost.

Evening came at last and I went home to my boarding place, Havekost's. Good, kind folks as they were, they were greatly shocked at my appearance and Mr. Havekost immediately decided I must have a doctor and hitched up his horse and went to town to get one.

Doctor Heath came out right away. He said I had "inflammation of the bowels" and after saying a "little girl, such as I was" should not be teaching in a country school, gave me some tablets and told me to take one every three hours, or whenever needed for pain. The pain was there all the time, and after taking a couple three hours apart, I took one "when needed for pain". They contained laudanum, and they put me asleep almost for keeps. I could hardly waken in the morning when my good friend Mrs. Havekost came in with some breakfast for me.

That evening, every evening for several days, I had the pupils come who were to take part in the program, and coached them from the couch on which I lay, in their singing and speaking parts.

When the date set for the program came, I sat back of the curtain and coached those who forgot their lines. The affair was a great success, both as to money and quality of entertainment. The box social was the source of the income and the school was crowded and many boxes sold. I cannot remember the exact amount realized,

but enough to buy a couple dozen books, as a start in the library, the first school library in Frenchtown township.

Many, many years later, when Elsie Bauer Little, was teaching there, she asked me to come out to visit the school, very greatly enlarged and changed; but what was my surprise, in looking through her book-case, to find a couple of those very books, board covers, but still good, purchased so long ago and at what a cost!

The day following the entertainment, good Mr. Havekost hitched up his team on the double buggy and with blankets around me and pillows under me placed by my good Mrs. Havekost, he took me home where I remained a week. It was heavenly to just REST and have mother's good nursing and food and at the end of the week I had so greatly recovered that I went back to the school on Monday, feeling almost as well as ever.

However, the whole foolhardy experience left me with digestive troubles ever since; the Mayo Brothers finding this and its cause in a weazened appendix and many adhesions, the result of the appendicitis so many years before.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL TEACHER OF YESTERYEAR

Most of the teachers of the nineties know what is meant by "THE MESSAGE TO GARCIA", and although they were not called upon to endure quite the hardships of said messenger, there was much to compare with his difficulties and trials and determination to overcome difficulties — connected with the life work of teaching.

The deep snow of last week brought back to me, vividly, one of my most difficult situations throughout my life as a Country School Teacher.

I was teaching that year at Brest, five miles from my home, boarding through the school week with my good friends, the Lamb family, who lived a half mile from the school and were old acquaintances of our family for two generations. Mr. Richard Lamb was director of the school board at Brest.

I had been at home for the week end. It had snowed steadily all day Sunday and by Monday morning the snow lay three feet deep on the level and more than this on east and west roads, where it had drifted into banks. However, no matter what the depth of the snow, or other handicaps, I must reach the school before nine o'clock or, I felt, be guilty of neglect of duty. There were in that day no telephones by which I could have called the Lamb family to say I could not make it that morning.

Father fed and harnessed big Maje, a young sorrel horse, to the cutter. Mother warmed bricks to put under our feet, gave us a heavy laprobe and brave, young Walter, twelve years old, youngest brother, got ready to drive me.

The horse managed to make it on the Plank Road but when we reached the turn of the road on to the Stoney Creek road (running slantingly east and west) the snow increased to such a depth that it was up to the horse's belly and he stopped short and looked around at us as if to say, "This, is where I quit"!

Walter got out of the cutter and turned the horse about, leading him by the bridle. We returned a half mile to a road that had less banked snow, but was much further from Brest and our destination. We managed to proceed at a walk on this road until near Brest, when we got off on a side road and as the snow was as deep on the road as in the ditch, poor Maje mis-stepped and went into the ditch and tipped over the cutter. He then stood still while Walter again led him back on the road and we again got into the cutter, now filled with snow. At last we reached the school house, about ten o'clock, but there were no pupils there. The coal fire was out (a neighbor boy was supposed to keep up the fire and furnish kindling, but had not done so.) I tried to start a fire but with no kindling could not do so.

I began to whimper (I was so cold and discouraged.) Walter, the twelve-year-old, said: "There is no one coming to school today, so let us go back to Lamb's," which we did, again struggling through three feet of snow.

The Lamb family were greatly surprised to see us, as they had no idea that I would try to make the trip on such a morning.

Mr. Lamb and Dick took poor big Maje off the cutter, unharnessed him and fed and watered him in the barn. They soon had a hot dinner ready and after we got thawed out they persuaded Walter to leave his cutter there and ride Maje home, horseback, which he did, getting home near four o'clock, when mother had begun to worry quite badly about him. The cutter was at Lamb's more than a week before

it was taken home. Mr. Lamb wrote a notice that there would be no school for at least three days or until the roads could be opened. He got on his riding horse and took it down and tacked it on the school door.

It was an idle three days for me, as I had nothing to do but embroider some doilies I had started. The Lamb girls and their mother always had plenty of work, no matter what the weather, but the men of the house could scarcely get to the barns to milk the cows and feed them and the horses. The Lamb home was a low, spread-out sort of house and the snow covered all of the lower sashes of the windows. So, what do you think were the joys of teaching in that day?

FIRST SCHOOL TO TEACH FOREIGNERS IN MONROE

After a very hard year of teaching at Fort Defiance Government Indian School, Arizona, I decided to take a year off to rest up and try to get feeling better. This was in 1915, or the early part of sixteen, for I returned to teaching in March of 1916, at Mount Pleasant, Michigan.

It was in the early winter of 1915 that John Bronson brought an Italian young man to my home (an employee of Consolidated Paper Company) to ask if I would consider taking a class of young Sicilian laborers, who also were working at Consolidated, to teach them English, as most of them had no knowledge of the language and were greatly handicapped by this.

This young man could talk English quite well, having traveled about a lot before coming to America. He was very earnest, seemingly, in hoping that his fellow countrymen should have training in American Citizenship.

John knew I was home from my Indian School work that winter and was at times substituting in the public schools of the city. The young man who came to plead the cause of his countrymen, in the "Latin Manner" said: "I would give my life's blood for my countrymen if that would help them to get education in American language and ways!"

I decided to try what I could do with the class, having taught the Indian pupils to talk English. I knew how to proceed with that part of it, although knowing that these grown-young men would have to get more than the language to fit them for citizenship, which was what they wanted. I agreed to teach them two evenings a week, for two dollars a night. However, I did not know what I was stepping into until going down in the east end, where the man who was so anxious to help his countrymen, had rented a room in the rear of the Insinga Store, and secured some chairs to seat the boys, but nothing else in the way of blackboards, desks, maps, or books. The room was unheated (in a very cold winter) the lights a couple of weak bulbs in the ceiling. There were forty-two young men, all the way from the late teens to perhaps twenty-five or six, and few knew scarcely any English or any of the other subjects they would have to pass in to become citizens.

To put it mildly, I sure had my nerve with me, to attempt such a proposition. The east end, in that day, was considered a TOUGH PLACE. I had walked down all the way from Noble Street, my home. About all I could do that night, was to get their names and addresses and practice writing them, as I had brought pencils and paper with me.

After a few nights of this I went to Mr. Gallup, superintendent of schools, and told him of the situation. He was a very fine superintendent and a progressive and forward looking man. He was all enthused and said he had been planning to start a citizenship class and would take me down there next time I went, and look the situation over.

To make a long story shorter, he was greatly pleased with the attitude of the young men and said he would let us meet from then on, in the Lincoln School (the only school in the east end at the time). He would take over the expenses from the boys, as a part of the school expenses, and later gave me the assistance of Miss Eleanor Newell, teacher down there, paying both of us from school funds.

And right here I must tell of the manner in which the young man who had approached me in the first instance, and who was "WILLING TO GIVE HIS LIFE'S BLOOD FOR HIS COUNTRYMEN", behaved after the project was taken over by the school. He was extremely grumpy at first, would not attend the meetings and turned sour on the whole proposition.

It came out later that in the first place, he had been taking a dollar a night

from each of the rather poorly-paid boys and pocketing it all, except the two dollars he paid me. His graft had been ruined by my ambition to get things on a better basis. The boys, of course, were greatly relieved to have the school take over all the expense; this added to the equipment we could use here to further the work.

Mr. Gallup became greatly interested and visited the class often. Beside teaching English speaking, reading, writing, spelling and government, he proposed that we have a social-meeting once a month. The boys who had formed a band, brought their instruments and played, almost raising the roof of the rather small room — but very happy to be asked to play. Miss Newell and I baked cakes and Mr. Gallup bought ice-cream and we had a real party, but the “Padrone” was not present.

In March of 1916 I decided to return to the Indian Service and was appointed to teach at Mount Pleasant, Michigan.

The young men were greatly disturbed by my plan to leave them. They said “Oh, Miss Newell, she nice, but she talk baby talk to us. “We not Babies”! These young Sicilians, although uneducated, had a natural refinement and good manners, which was shown in their always standing when I entered the room where they were, quickly placing a chair for me, insisting upon erasing the black boards when needed and were generally gentlemen.

They, when hearing of my plans to leave them, began scheming to try to change my mind, saying they could try to raise enough money among themselves to make up the difference of what I would receive in the Indian School and what I was then receiving.

I had been teaching them to write letters and, after I left, many of them wrote to me at Mount Pleasant; one of these letters from one of the most silent and retiring of the boys said he was so lonely and so lost, when coming to America and not knowing how to talk to folks who would understand him, then I came and “It was like “a light on a mountain top,” to him to learn English. One of the boys, always a joker, obtained, somewhere, a book of letters and copied a love letter, which he sent to me, which he meant as a joke. I have kept a bundle of their letters written to me after my leaving and always hoped to edit them, but have now given up the idea. Many of their descendants are now reliable and well-doing citizens of our city; I would not embarrass them by naming names of their relatives.

A sample of one of the letters follows:

Der Teher—

I receve your postale card and I was glad to her from you and that you are wel. I have no more to say. I'm still go to school with the boys. We all hope! see you come bak soon. You could learn us better to read or write. I think this nof for this time.

truly yours

He had had but one year of teaching, just two nights a week.

After 1916 the citizenship classes were carried on intermittently. Ill health compelled me to resign my teaching position at Christiancy School here, and after getting better, I again took up two nights a week with a citizenship class. 1926, '27 and '28 I took over a class, first down in the Lincoln School, and later in '28 at the present high school.

I found the type of pupil and their nationality completely changed from the class in 1915.

Very few were Italians and those from Naples and Rome, well educated in their own country and some of them gifted in art work. There were more Germans than any other nationality, with some Belgians and Roumanians.

Having had some English in their own countries, they were much more easily taught than were my first class in English, and were anxious for reading, spelling, arithmetic (more especially the use of our monetary system). They were greatly interested in learning of our form of government and all that pertained to citizenship.

The class of '28 I was obliged to conduct on the third floor of our Central building here and not being too well the amount of stair-climbing was too much for me, added to my working part time in the Dorsch Library at that time, and the time it took me to prepare each night's lessons. So I resigned and some of the German boys came to my home in the evenings to continue their work.

Mr. Crandall was greatly interested in the citizenship work and gave Mr. Tay-

lor to oversee and help me. Mr. Taylor was a help in many ways. Both Mr. Crandall and Mr. Taylor, as well as Mrs. Lillian Navarre, encouraged me to write a small volume on methods of teaching foreigners, and what they most needed. So, in my spare time I did this, and both Mr. Crandall and Mr. Taylor approved of the plan I had written. It was the winter of the depression, and Lillian Navarre, being engaged in library work and having met the man who carried on this work (citizenship training) at Ann Arbor, asked if she might send him my book (just a typed manuscript). He was so "taken" with it, that he wrote me asking if I wouldn't consider coming to Ann Arbor to teach a class, who were planning to do this type of work. Of course, I had to refuse -- poor health, no car, etc.

Later a friend ?? borrowed my manuscript to read. After some time I asked her for it and after searching around a bit, she very calmly told me that she had lost it. In moving from one place to another she said she thought her helper had thrown it in the wastepaper and burned, it with the rest. She made no apologies! I should, of course have had a second copy, but did not.

Some time later, Mr. Taylor told me that this man who had seen it in Ann Arbor had sent to him asking if he might borrow it, to teach the newly employed foreigners at the Ford School, carried on at that time. When I told Mr. Taylor what happened to the manuscript, tears came into his eyes and he turned and walked away suddenly, without a word. He knew its worth and the amount of work I had put into it.

CHRISTMAS IN THE COUNTRY IN THE EIGHTIES

There was little of an exciting nature in the early days for young children who lived in the country, so Christmas was looked for, long before its coming, with great interest and excitement. In our family, Mother saw to it that we were instructed in the religious aspects of the great Holyday, as she was a good story teller and could make things "come alive", as she spoke.

Santa Claus, of course, his visit and what he might bring us, was of prime interest, but we never saw him, as did our German school mates, and in the early days we did not have a Christmas tree as they did or all the animal cookies, frosted in many colors. One other feature of our German schoolmates' Christmas celebration, which he felt ourselves lucky to escape, was "Belschnikle" who came to them with a whip to punish them if they had been bad children during the year.

However, our distance from a town and our not seeing the store windows with all the different sorts of toys and playthings, was perhaps a blessing in disguise, for we were a large family and the price asked for many of those things would have been beyond what our parents could afford to spend for toys and gadgets. Always, there was new clothing as a part of our Christmas gifts and we were equally pleased with this, as with toys. There was always one toy for each (chosen according to the wishes Mother had heard us express) and there was plenty of candy, oranges etc., in the Christmas stockings.

We were never dissatisfied, that I can recall, with any of our gifts, even though they did not measure up exactly to our imaginations or what we had pictured. Neither did we envy what other children with wealthier parents received. Although my doll might be one of those small, china-head ones, with china hands and legs and sawdust stuffed body, I never envied the really nice, large, wax-dolls, with curly blond hair and beautifully dressed ones, received by my cousin Lizzy, she being the only child in the home of our grandmother, with uncles and aunts giving her some nice things. At times I would be allowed to go to Grandmother's home and play with her nice dolls and toys for a day, never really wishing that they belonged to me and enjoying them just as though they had been my own.

Besides, Ned, my mischievous younger brother at home, would be sure to break them, as he often did my poor china headed one!

On Christmas morning Father arose at three A.M. and went to the barn to feed and water the horses which, later, were to be hitched to the sled or wagon (according to the weather and roads) to take us to five o'clock Mass at Saint Patrick's Church, five miles distant.

At about three-thirty, Mother got up and called us children who were old enough to go to Mass. There was a scramble down the stairs, in night clothing and into the room where the stockings had been hung the night previous. Then many

"Ohs" and "Ahs" and chuckles, and "Oh, let me see your gift," until Mother had to tell us to get back up stairs and get dressed for church. In the meantime, Father had gone again to the barn to hitch the horses to the sled (or wagon) put a lot of straw in the box and blankets or buffalo robes to cover us. One of the older boys sat on a seat up front to help Mother drive, and away we went!

Sometimes, if the sleighing was good we enjoyed the tinkle of the sleigh bells and did not mind the long ride. However, if it was muddy or the roads frozen in mountainous lumps, the poor horses stumbled along over them and the wagon bumped along.

The five miles covered (it took about an hour) and in the distance we could hear the church bells ringing, and as we drew nearer the lights in the stained glass windows of the church shone out on the snow and crowds of folks were going into the church. Inside, the altars were ablaze with candles and from the organ loft came the singing of Christmas hymns, from a choir that sounded to us children like angels. Later, I knew that the music came from a little parlor-organ and that the singing was far from being heavenly, but we were entirely uplifted and happy that "Christ had been born."

After Mass, in the pale winter half-light of six in the morning, folks outside the church gathered about in groups, happily wishing their friends a Merry Christmas, shaking hands or kissing near relatives with nothing phony about it, but pure joy and good feeling.

Of course, in those days the world in general was at peace. The farming community might not have had much in the way of material wealth, there was much hard physical work to be done on the farms and in the homes, with none of the modern facilities we now enjoy to help lessen this work, but neither was there War or talk of War and the making of terrible bombs with which to kill our fellow human beings. There was Peace and Hope and real love and friendship among people.

For some years, those of us who had gone to Mass, went three miles further to the home of Uncle Jim and Aunt Julia Dunn's to spend a part of the day with them and their three children, Bessie, Will and Julia. Aunt Julia was mother's sister and our favorite aunt, and the family were always close to us. There we had breakfast, not only of ham and eggs, but all kinds of cakes and cookies and jams and jellies and tea and coffee.

Afterward, we had a good visit. Both Uncle Jim and son Will had a very keen sense of humor and it was our type of humor. There was the gathering around the big, square piano and the singing of the lovely Christmas hymns, and I must confess, not only them but comic songs as well. In the middle of the afternoon we went home. The following Christmas the Dunn Family came down to spend the day with us after the early Mass and there was again a happy time with a big feast and much fun and laughter, and also the grouping of the young folks about the piano with not only the Christmas hymns but also the new, funny songs added perhaps, in later days, when our boys were home from Detroit for the holidays, with all the new skits they had seen on the stage.

Father had remained home with the children too young to attend Mass. After we left he made himself a cup of tea, ate a big piece of mince pie and went back to bed. There were in that day several days of abstinence before Christmas, so this was his first chance to have some of the mince pie, of which mother had baked a dozen, all standing on the cellar shelves. When the crowd came to us, Father was as happy as we all were, to have the Dunns with us. **THOSE WERE THE DAYS!**

The later events in my life, my teaching for some years in the country schools, the growing tired of, not only the poor pay (never more than forty dollars a month for the nine months) the hardships of getting to the schools and back home, all were factors in my taking Civil Service examination and, when successful, in entering the Government Indian Service as teacher in the Indian Schools. Although the salary offered was not large (fifty dollars a month) it was much better than was paid teachers here; even the principals at that time were receiving but twenty-five a month; and this was not the only deciding point for me, but I had always wished to see the country and this gave a chance for travel, my first appointment being in Eastern Oregon.

Needless to tell of my experiences as an Indian School teacher here, for those who might wish to know may find it all in my book: "RED MOON CALLED ME."

After resigning from the Service I came home in 1918, because of my brothers having entered the Army, and this was leaving my mother alone. I obtained a position as sixth-grade teacher in the Christianity School — a new school, just opened that fall — and taught until my health failed in 1925, when I was obliged to rest for a time. I then worked half days in the Dorsch Public Library, taught night school to foreigners, and later — when my mother's health broke down — stayed at home and took care of her the last six years of her life.

SO THATS THE STORY, FRIENDS!

EDWARD JOHN GOLDEN AND FREDERICK WILLIAM GOLDEN

When I was a year and a half old, Mother, at last, had her long looked for son, and named him Edward John. A year after this a second son was born and was named Frederick William.

The two boys resembled each other very little in appearance or in disposition, Edward, from the first, was a nervous, demanding type, with a largish nose, high forehead and generally a Lynch type in looks. Fred had rather small features, a well formed but smaller body and an undemonstrative, undemanding disposition or temperament, but extremely stubborn if punished or opposed, more especially if the trouble was between him and his elder brother, whom he felt (and rightly) to be the aggressor. He was not looking for especial favor but felt that the elder son was the favorite.

From very early years Ed was mischievous and a great tease, and when punishment threatened he would run to mother, throw his arms around her neck and say: "Oh, Mama, I won't do it any more"! I won't do it any more"; and this was usually very effective in avoiding the punishment, although he was likely to "be doing it" very shortly after.

Fred was the exact opposite in his reaction, and, inasmuch as he was seldom if ever the aggressor in any fracas with his elder brother, but if caught in any wrong doing and punished by mother, he was as stubborn as a mule, refusing to promise it would not occur again, grinding his teeth to avoid crying out.

Ed had no interest whatever, in the sort of play that Fred and I played and used what he did have to spoil our fields, mistreat our pets — but this was not through meanness exactly, but a sort of natural instinct to wish to change or destroy.

He had also some strong creative instincts. He was continually trying to build a wagon (in those days there were no express wagons or toy wagons such as there were in later years). He would take a round log and saw off the end about the thickness of the wheel he wanted, bore a hole for the axle (nearly always splitting the wood in doing so) take a wooden box, probably brought home from the grocery store, as an axle, a strip of lumber, etc. As he grew older he would try to make a wagon of the wheels off of an old, discarded buggy, etc.

If given a watch, he would take it apart, to see what made it tick and then not be able to get it back together again. He had been greatly impressed by watching one butchering day, and seeing the hogs stuck. He would later build a pen out of stove-wood and would take out pet cats (his own, as well) and then pretend they were pigs, take them out one by one and with a wooden knife pretend to butcher them, which caused both Fred and me great annoyance as we loved our cats and hated to see them handled in this way.

At school in the very early teens he would start a fight, with some boy and could never finish it as victor. Lulu had to take his part and jerk him away from the other boy before he got too bad a beating. He had a good mind but would not use it in study and did not like to go to school. He also had some musical talent — much of the time playing a jews harp or mouth-organ when young, and getting himself a violin when older, on which he learned to play a few tunes.

He never cared for girls, and not being too good looking neither were any of them attracted by him. He never married.

As Ed grew older, he went to work in the pine-woods of Northern Michigan, which was notably filled with derelicts who were drunkards, gamblers and profane. In the summers he worked on freight-boats on the Great Lakes, where among the crews he often was again with this same type of men. However, he never took up their ways of cursing, telling of dirty stories etc.

He was completely honest in money matters, always remembering to repay

what he had borrowed as soon as he earned more money.

When anyway near a church, he attended Mass and received the Sacraments, although he often felt his clothing was not suitable to go among other people who attended. He died of pneumonia in Mercy Hospital in Monroe; Mother and I were both at his bedside. This was in 1933, as I remember. Poor Mother held his hand until the last while we said the prayers for the dying. She grieved over his death for a long time — her first greatly-loved, and I fear, spoiled, son.

As Fred grew up he was quite an attractive young man, medium size and weight and good features, each of those boys had very dark hair and dark eyes. He was a good worker and still loved farm work. He had quite an eye for the girls and several of them had cases on him. However, he was in the late thirties working on a farm up near Ann Arbor, where he usually worked, when a team of horses in the field ran away from him, and in the accident he received a very badly broken right leg. He did not have the proper doctor care and it was poorly set, and after a time had to be removed — which was a terrible thing for any active young man, but even worse for one who had earned a living by farm work. He grew very discouraged and came home for awhile and one of the family bought him a false limb, which never fit and caused him pain.

He died in a Toledo hospital in 1913 not too long after this and was buried in Toledo.

FRANCIS CHARLES GOLDEN

Some three years after the birth of Fred, another boy was born who was named Frank, and he might have been called "The Golden Boy". He was handsome, medium size, curly golden-hair, regular features, dark blue eyes and of a more than ordinarily brilliant mind. He was named Frank, or Francis Charles.

As he grew up he was more like father in his size and build, only about five feet eight, square shoulders, deep chest and very muscular; and woe to the school-mate or other boy of his age, who tackled him for a wrestle or a fight, judging by his classic features and curly, light hair that he might be easy to handle. Although never seeking a fight, one who misjudged him never tried it again, for he found himself on his back so fast that he hardly knew what struck him.

Lulu, heretofore not showing much interest in the younger members of the family, took Frank under her care from the first, and saw to it that he was dressed in the best clothes that were then the style for little boys. This resulted in the family tease, Ned, naming him "DUDE" which was a great annoyance to him then and for years afterwards.

Frank passed all his primary grades in school with flying colors and then, after taking some higher studies he passed a teacher's examination when only seventeen and began to teach. He followed this for six or seven years, in the meantime buying a tract of land joining our farm on the north. There were twenty-six acres in it, though the land was not too good in places. This he worked in the summers, also helping with the home farm. It was a most discouraging time for farmers as everything in the way of produce sold at an all time low.

From early in life Frank had had a great respect for Uncle Charlie, (Judge Golden) and decided he was to become a lawyer. So he quit teaching and went to Detroit to study law and at the same time worked in a lawyer's office, read meters and did anything else he could find to do that would not interfere too much with his law school, which was conducted evenings as well as days. He graduated after a long, slow pull in 1904 and started to get a practice. Toward the end of the period of his study, Oliver had gone to Detroit and had a job in the fire-department. They roomed in the same place and Oliver helped out some with board bills until Frank got started with a practice.

When he was scarcely twenty, he developed a case on Gertie Lamb and she on him. They became engaged when he was twenty-one but he would not consider marrying her until he was financially able to give her as good a home as that from which he would take her. Her people were quite wealthy farmers and lived in a very good home. She would have been perfectly willing to venture poverty with him and would have been a very good help to him, but after dallying for some years, she chose to marry another man, a very good fellow and quite a lot her senior.

After going with several nice girls Frank married Dorothy Schultz, a good looking young woman, some years his junior. At the time they married, she had a

good position as private secretary to the President of one of the large Detroit Banks.

By that time, Frank had accumulated considerable property and Dorothy, too, had saved some. Also, Frank by this time had a good practice and was interested in a real estate business.

A little daughter, Margaret, was born to them the first year — a pretty child — and they were most happy to have her. Within another year, another girl was born, but died a few minutes after birth. After two years they had a most attractive and healthy little boy, whom they named Richard.

Both children were sent to good schools and Margaret graduated from Marygrove College cum laude — specializing in language, especially Spanish. Richard had in but one year of college when his mother was taken very ill with a heart disease, from which she died a couple of years later. This was a great sorrow to the family and after a time Frank developed high-blood pressure and died very suddenly of a stroke, leaving the two young folks to take care of themselves.

Margaret married a good young man, Fred Sutherland. Richard continued his study of law for two years and then Oliver took him into his office for the summer and promised when he passed his bar examination, to take him in as a junior partner. The very same day that Richard passed his bar examination at Ann Arbor, Oliver died suddenly of a heart attack; the law firm was discontinued and poor young Richard left "High and Dry" without a job. He struggled along for two years and was just beginning to have a paying practice when, to the grief and horror of all of us, who loved him, he took his own life.

A couple of years previous to this he had engaged himself to an ambitious young woman who was urging marriage, although Richard knew he was still not earning enough to support a home and family. No one knows what caused the last discouraging heart-break, that caused him to lose his mind, which must be the case with folks who take their own lives. He surely had suffered a lot and always tried to appear cheerful. He was very fond of both mother and father and a dutiful son to each. He lost them one after another and then came the death of Oliver who was to start him in earning through his profession. Apparently he just couldn't take the final blow.

Margaret now is the mother of five lovely children, three boys and two girls, namely: John, Christopher, Kevin, Janet and Susan.

MARGARET FELICITAS GOLDEN BOUDINET

Two years after the birth of Frank, a little girl was born and named Julia — and called Julie. She also was a very beautiful child and with a sweet disposition; however, at the age of three she was taken with what doctors called lung-fever (perhaps pneumonia). Preceding her death she had convulsions, which frightened us all very much.

Julie had been in my care, as were all of the children who came later, although I was but eight years of age. I was heart-broken when she died, as were the whole family, both parents and children, and we all missed her sadly.

Two years after Julia died, Margaret was born and although she was a good child she was not a beauty, as Julie had been. However, as she grew older she grew more attractive and had lovely, curly, brown hair, fine eyes and dimples in her cheeks (which she called cheekles.) She was a quiet and well-behaved child and perhaps because she showed no fight, the teasers of the family (led by Ned) had many nicknames for her.

As she grew up she was a home-loving girl and cared little for parties or social affairs. She was one of mother's prime favorites, one reason perhaps for this being her willingness to stay home when the rest of us were "on the go".

She learned quickly and after finishing grade school she went to Adrian to stay with Lulu and Will and to finish her education at Siena Heights College, located there. After finishing she received a teachers certificate and taught for fourteen years; the last few years in her home district, and staying at home. She never cared for teaching, except as a means of earning a living but was a conscientious and a good teacher in spite of this. She was liked by the parents of her pupils and the young folks of the neighborhood, but seemingly never grew especially fond of any of the young men who paid special attention to her, although going to dances and parties with them. However, in her early thirties she began to think it was time to

settle down. There were three young men paying her especial attention at the time, two of them farmers and one from the city. So she chose Frank Boudinet, the one who lived in the city, and who owned and ran a good business there. He was a hard worker and a good-living young man.

When her younger son was a little less than two years of age she was taken with a very serious illness and was obliged to spend eight weeks at St. Vincent Hospital in Toledo and undergo a very serious operation. Her recovery from this was considered by both the sisters and surgeon as an answer to prayer, as they scarcely hoped she might get well.

At this time her eldest son was scarcely four and the younger a little less than two, as I have said before, and their grandmother always very fond of them, took them in to keep, while Margaret was in the hospital.

The family were all so very thankful when Margaret became well enough to carry on as she had before. She was a perfect housekeeper and a very economical one. She also took time to join a couple of gardening clubs, The Monroe Womens' Club, and was active in each of these as well as in St. John's Ladies Society. An end was put to most of these activities when she lost the use of one eye, during an automobile accident. She had driven a car before this happened but would never drive after this. This accident left her not only with the eye trouble but a broken wrist and a sprained ankle. Having the gift of real Christian resignation, she carried on her household duties after regaining her strength. In April of 55 — she died, after an operation on her spine, said to be cancerous.

She left the two sons and her husband very lonely and saddened, as were all of her family who remained.

Both of her sons, Edward and Bernard have remained single up to now, 1957, Bernard having spent four years in the Signal Service Corp in London during the late war, and one in Guam. He also worked for two years in Washington, D.C., for the Navy. Edward, after leaving High School, spent two years in College and one in Business College. He then worked for The Paper Products Company for a number of years until he had a breakdown in health — was ill for a couple of years and when regaining health he took up the business of selling Rawleigh Products, at which he still works.

However, Frank, Margaret's husband, was taken quite ill a year after her death and now Edward stays home most of the time to look after his father, although they keep an excellent nurse and housekeeper.

Her going on before both her husband and sons and also her sister (the writer of this) was a tragedy — for we all loved her and depended on her mild manner and sober judgment and her Christian Spirit; she is not only missed by her immediate family but by neighbors and others who knew her good disposition and trust in God.

OLIVER JOSEPH GOLDEN

Two years to the day after Margaret was born, October 4, after a very difficult period of labor for the mother, Oliver was born. Poor mother had been making a big boiler of apple butter the day before his coming, along with making yeast to bake bread and there was no one to help out the next morning but an eleven year old daughter, Gertrude, to see that the apple butter was put into containers, and the yeast mixed into the flour for bread.

The eldest daughter was already teaching school at Stony Point, but was to be home that evening, it being Friday. The next to the eldest was up at Dunn's staying with Uncle Jim and taking care of Will, a three year old child, while Aunt Julia, Bessie and Aunt Margaret and Lizzie Bliel were all on a trip to Canada, to visit Aunt Jane Leonard.

It was the first birth of the family, when the good grandmother was not on call, for her health and age had kept her from coming. However, the very efficient Lulu, had arrived home Friday evening and with the help of father, they got things taken care of and saw to it that mother was made comfortable. Addie was then sent for, and came home and took over when Lulu had to return to her school on Monday.

Oliver was a good, healthy baby and made little trouble, and Mrs. Lawler came down mornings to wash and take care of him and do what needed to be done for a week, or until Mother was able to be around. The new baby had rather straight brown hair, very blue eyes, a nose that was rather larger than had been that of

most of the family babies and was not as beautiful as had been Frank or Julie.

As he grew older he was a rather silent undemanding child, so got little petting from his mother or elder sister. When old enough to go to school he always had good grades, but not sensational ones, such as Frank had received; or was it that Frank's were noticed and mentioned oftener by both his mother and older sister, Lulu?

He was well behaved in school and on the play grounds, so got into very little trouble. However, he had from the first a very keen sense of justice and when punished unjustly (as he was on one occasion by a cousin teacher, Lizzie Bliel) he resented it greatly, more so, perhaps, because mother took the teacher's part and punished him again. Parents of those days always held up authority and backed up the teacher's discipline; but Oliver remembered and resented this until his last days, along with other events that showed that his closest relatives did not have the confidence and trust in him that was his due.

When Oliver, like the rest of us, went to Saint Patrick's school, to prepare for his First Communion, Father Ronayne, pastor at that time, when hearing that his name was Oliver Joseph — said that was no name for an Irish Catholic boy. Didn't their parents know about the hated Oliver Cromwell? He refused to call him Oliver and called him Joseph when speaking to him. Mother was offended when hearing this and told Oliver to ask him if he had never heard of "Bishop Oliver Plunkett," who was a close relative of the Dease Family, and that our great-grandmother was a Dease?

Father Ronayne, however, showed great interest in Oliver and told mother that he thought he would make a good priest. He had the intellect, he said, and also was a good boy, with high principles.

When quite young, Oliver developed a great interest in reading. As there were no thrillers or dime novels allowed in our home, he took a great notion to the books of Nathaniel Cooper, the stories dealing with Indian Lore and history. During his early teens one could seldom find him in leisure hours without a Cooper under his arm and ready to sit down and read it. He was fond of games, more especially baseball, and in the early teens he had the reputation of being a very good "Southpaw" pitcher.

He had a talent for music and a good singing voice, neither of which received much notice in that day and had little training; but he could take up almost any musical instrument and get a tune out of it, a violin, banjo, ukelele, or piano. Also, when he lived in Detroit and he and Frank began going to the theater, he could take off any of the solo dances almost as well as a professional or Fred Astaire, whom he greatly admired.

Being a quiet and undemanding type of youngster, it was not discovered until much later in life how much he valued good clothes. He often told in later days how wonderfully he appreciated his first "ready made" or store suit of clothes, which I bought for him when he was perhaps ten years of age.

Addie developed a very serious case of typhoid fever after going back to her work in September, as before mentioned in my sketch of her early life. In those days there were few, if any hospitals and she remained at her boarding place through the very dangerous illness, and mother went to Detroit to take care of her. She was away for over six weeks. I was teaching at the Havekost School and home only over the week ends, when my duties there were colossal — baking bread, fried cakes and cookies to last through the coming week; washing, ironing and mending the clothing, seeing that the house was cleaned etc. The darning I could scarcely take on, or the mending of the younger boys' school clothes, so one Friday evening, when Frank drove out to the school to bring me home, I had him drive into Monroe and I bought a ready-made, little suit for both Oliver and Leo. Although I never heard Leo say anything about his joy in the first store-clothing he had ever had, Oliver told me many times later, how overjoyed he was with that first little suit. Mother, a very good seamstress had always made their clothes before this.

Very, very much later in life Oliver was voted the best dressed man in Monroe. When he had no need to be economical in his spending he always bought the very best of clothing made by special tailors. Although at the time Oliver went to school under Frank, as teacher, there were some scraps between them, after school days were over and they were both in Detroit and boarding at the same places, they

were very congenial companions and remained so until the last. In a financial way, Frank helped Oliver and later, Oliver helped Frank and it was Frank's studying of law that led Oliver, too, to select this as his life work, the same profession. When getting together, in later days, each had a lot to talk about, telling of the cases they had and how they conducted them, sometimes to the point of failing to remember that there were other folks in the crowd, that were shut out in this way, and so failing in good manners. But, in the main, they were both gentlemen in manners and their attitude toward woman, and had a high sense of honor.

After Oliver's graduation from law school as president of his class June 25th, 1908, he accepted a job for some friend who had an estate in Oregon, which he gave to Oliver to settle. He accepted, partially because he felt that the newer country, Oregon, might prove a better place for him to work up a practice. However, this did not prove to be true, after he tried locations in Oregon, Idaho and California he came back to Monroe, a greatly disappointed young man. He decided at last to open an office in Monroe, judging that Uncle Charlie's reputation as a good lawyer, might help him to get clients. It was election year and some of his friends persuaded him to put up his name for Prosecuting Attorney, which he did. He traveled about that fall with the other county officials, making political speeches and was very popular with the listening crowds. He lost the election by a very few votes, but the campaigning had impressed many people favorably and he soon had clients. His first office was in an upper room of the Frank Boudinet bicycle store and he boarded for a couple of months with Lizzie and Frank Boudinet.

In the meantime, mother and Walter had sold the farm and moved to Monroe, so he came to live with them.

His first big case "The Meinzingner Case" brought him a couple of thousand dollars and allowed of his renting a good office and furnishing it. He then tried his best to persuade mother to take a trip to St. Ann's with him, by boat down the St. Lawrence, but she would not consent to spend his money in that way. She said he must save it to start a home of his own.

The rest of this story of Oliver's life I shall leave for one of his children to finish, but shall inclose just one more article, which was an editorial at the time of his death, written by JS Gray, editor of the Monroe Evening News, which gave in small space, and such an accurate and sympathetic manner the story of his success in his native city.

After Oliver began to succeed as a young lawyer in Monroe, his liking for people, his sense of humor, his musical ability brought him plenty of popularity in his home town, more especially among the young ladies. However, he did not choose a native Monroeite but one who was a visitor in the city at the time, Mary McNally of Mackinac Island. They were married in the fall of 1915 and seemingly were a most happy and congenial couple. Their first child was born just at the time Oliver arrived home from his over-seas trip in March 1919. They named her Ann Mary and she was a bright and attractive child and a favorite with all of us. Two years after this Genevieve was born. Next came Jean, then Patricia and at last the one boy, looked for anxiously, Oliver John.

I am not to follow up this third generation at this time, but hope some of Oliver's children may do so and tell more of his war year and using some of the letters he wrote home to mother, sister and brother Walt.

He had bought a nice home on Macomb Street which was not entirely paid for before joining the army. He had quite a nice practice at this time, also, but gave it all up to enter "THE WAR TO END WAR" (and how false a title that was). Instead of ending war it seemingly has opened a "Pandora's Box" of evils, war and preparations for war, that might well destroy the whole world — suspicion, distrust among nations that seemingly have no end. However, when Oliver returned to his home town his practice had dwindled and the home he had bought was allowed to return to its former owner and one might say: "He had to begin all over again."

Always a worker, he took up where he had left off and not too long hence he had a larger practice than ever and took in as a helper, later a partner, Harold Nadeau, a good lawyer and a loyal friend.

After at last working himself almost into an nervous breakdown, he died suddenly of a heart condition in September of 1949.

His funeral was one of the largest ever held in Monroe, the crowds not being

able to get into St. John's Church and standing outside by the scores, all conditions and sorts of people, rich and poor, religions of many sorts, but all sorrowing and all friends of Oliver.

EDITORIAL — JS Gray

MONROE EVENING NEWS: SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1949

The Community has experienced an unusual shock and loss in the passing of Oliver Golden. Few native sons of his community have been as widely known as was he in his own county and abroad. Seldom has any personality been as strongly woven into the life of the community for so long a time.

Possessed of a keen mind, a rare wit, and a vast capacity for study and work, Mr. Golden gave his talents unstintingly to a great variety of causes. He built a thriving law practice, and inevitably acquired important business connections and functions. Yet, his heart interest, his love of people, his patriotism and his devotion to causes in the community, state and nation, were the dominant forces of his career.

To audiences large and small he carried the charm of sparkling humor, crisp anecdotes, facts gathered from wide and diligent reading, eloquent pleading for his causes. He was equally at ease before a Womens' Club, at labor meetings, a gathering of lawyers, doctors, farmers, or bankers. He taxed his physical resources over the years in his many appearances at community gatherings of all sorts and kinds. Issues and loyalties impelled him, not the size of the audience or importance of the occasion.

Although prominent over the years as lawyer, churchman, business man or civic leader, Mr. Golden was never too busy to see personally, or serve faithfully, his humblest client. To the many in all walks of life he was trusted friend, confidante and personal adviser, more than lawyer.

Outstanding was Mr. Golden's courage. He displayed it as soldier and as pleader of social issues. He displayed it politically in breaking with friends and party on matters that he regarded as fundamental. He displayed it in his last years as lawyer, working obviously beyond his strength in many matters.

Mr. Golden's personality and the place he made for himself in the life of his home community, will be tenderly remembered by thousands of persons who held him as friend. His lifetime devotion to the law and to the heart interests of his home community may well beckon to younger men equally energetic investments of their talents.

JS Gray, Editor of Monroe Evening News

BIG HEADLINES IN THE MONROE EVENING NEWS ON SEPTEMBER 16TH, 1949

Oliver J. Golden, aged sixty-seven, Monroe attorney whose forceful opinions and ability to express them made him a central figure in Monroe's civic life for more than thirty years, died at 1:20 today in Mercy Hospital. He has been in failing health for some months but had continued his normal duties. He was taken to the hospital yesterday to undergo a general check-up, had gone through a part of them, was talking to his doctor and his nurse minutes before; a nurse happened to go through his room and found he had died quietly.

Born on a farm in Frenchtown township in Monroe County, a mile north from the Loranger Bridge, he was educated in the rural schools and had a couple of years in Monroe High School and for a short period in the Monroe Business School.

He went to Detroit as a young man and as a member of the Detroit Fire Department, early love which continued throughout his life. He later took a leading part in establishing Civil Service regulations for firemen here in Monroe. While in Detroit he began the study of law, at first in night school, later attending days, at the Detroit College of law, and graduation as president of his class.

He opened his law office in Monroe some three years later, locating near his present office at 13 Washington Street.

World War I interrupted his practice. He was among the first to enlist and offer his services. He became a Captain of Infantry and served overseas.

Following the close of the war, Mr. Golden returned to Monroe and resumed his practice with Harold Nadeau as partner. As the practice grew he also took William Fallon into the firm.

In later years he was associated with Thomas E. Griffin, for a number of years. A nephew, also, is at present in the office, Richard Golden, son of his brother Frank. Mr. Golden has had a part in the training of many young lawyers of the city who received valuable lessons in his office for short periods of time.

A powerful and fluent speaker with strong convictions, Mr. Golden's personality projected itself in every group in which he held membership. His political convictions went with the man rather than with his political affiliations, but he was a party man.

Mr. Golden fought the primary system at every opportunity, believing that it destroyed party responsibility for the acts of its candidates. His practice of late years centered around the city's industries and he was council for many of the leading companies, having a part in forming their policies. With the growth of labor organizations, Mr. Golden found himself continually called upon as a mediator. He was respected and admired by both labor and industry, a testimony of his fairness and his ability to judge men.

Some months before the outbreak of World War II, Mr. Golden was appointed chairman of Civil Defense organizations set up throughout the state. With the outbreak of war at Pearl Harbor, Mr. Golden leaped into the organization work with his fighting zeal. Monroe's Civilian Defense Organization was one of the largest and earliest functioning units in Michigan, largely through the work of its chairman.

Mr. Golden resigned at the end of September 1942, after setting up protective services of auxiliary police, auxiliary fire and air wardens and emergency medical protection in each township and the city. Monroe was one of the first to prepare itself for blackouts as protection against air-raids.

Mr. Golden married Mary McNally of Mackinac Island, a young teacher, who had received her earlier schooling at St. Mary Academy here and graduated from the U of M later.

In addition to his wife, Mr. Golden leaves a brother, Leo A. Golden of Cleveland, two sisters, Miss Gertrude Golden and Mrs. Frank Boudinet of Monroe, a son, Oliver John Golden, Jr., a student at Notre Dame, Ind. and four daughters, Mrs. James Cameron of Birmingham, Mrs. George Head, of Detroit and Mrs. Laurence Pfundstein, now of St. Paul, Minn. Two sisters and two brothers preceded him in death. They were Sister M. Generosa, Mrs. William Maurer, Frank Golden and Walter Golden.

LEO ALPHONSAS GOLDEN

Leo A. Golden was born a year and a half after his brother Oliver March 13th, 1883.

Leo was a healthy, but nervous type of baby, perfectly formed and very active and harder to care for than were the three other boys, Oliver, Frank and Walter. In later days he used to say it was small wonder that he had so many hard times through his life, "having been born on Friday the thirteenth". He had a very severe case of measles at age three, which left him for a time with weak eyes and a squint and a nervous habit of awaking from an afternoon nap with some sort of a cry and great fear of something which he could not explain. He was of an excitable disposition, either greatly enthused or often depressed at what to others was worthy of neither of these states of mind. His disposition was of the type of the Keegan, Lynch branch, instead of the more lathargic Golden, McDonough type, which Frank, Oliver and Walter possessed. Very nice features and good figure and good looking generally after he got rid of his freckles, which he hated. He was fond of athletics, especially baseball and excelled as a pitcher.

From quite young he had a great desire to travel and at about sixteen he accompanied a neighbor boy to Minnesota to work on a big farm, growing lonesome enough before the summer was over. He later worked in Detroit for a couple of years, boarding and living at the same place with Frank and Oliver. When about 18 years of age he joined the Regular Army and spent three years there, a cavalryman, a great part of which was spent in a fort near Washington, D.C. His idea of joining the Army was again of the hopes that he would be sent to the Philippines which Uncle Sam had taken from Spain in the War and was keeping a large army division there to guard it. He had plenty of rough going while he was in the army and one of these was when he developed a very bad case of typhoid fever, which

came near to being the death of him. When his fever became very high the young doctors, willing to try out new ideas on a boy so far from relatives or other interference, they plunged him into a tub of ice-water filled with cracked ice. He came through it, though, aided by his former good health; but it also is probable that it helped to make him a nervous type of person in later years. After his three years in the U.S. Cavalry, he came home and again went to Detroit to work. He found a place in the City Fire Department which he kept for a few years, the latter part of which he acted as chief fire inspector for the Ford Company out north Woodward. From this position he was advanced to the personnel director of the Ford plant, which he kept for a number of years. In 1923 he went to Cleveland where he was manager of the shipping department of the Fisher Body Division of General Motors Corporation. It was here he developed the use of permanent steel decking in freight cars carrying the auto bodies, formerly carried in parts from the factory to other locations, where they would have to be set up and used. His efforts to secure a patent on this invention or plan, fell through because some Ford employee claimed he had been first in working out this arrangement.

He had been doing very well financially up to this point, bought a home and had a lot of General Motors stock, which had gone up to a high point. Then came the depression and Fisher Body as well as other plants cut expenses and he lost his job there. Worst of all, his good, faithful wife, Anna, died after an operation, unexpectedly, leaving him with a family of seven children, the eldest of whom was sixteen and the youngest four years of age.

He had married Anna McCune in July of 1912, and not only was she beautiful but good, and a very efficient helper to him as well. So her loss was irreparable. The years following this were very hard years for both him and the children. He lost his house and most of his stock and had to take any sort of a job that turned up while the depression lasted. In 1938 he began to work for the Thompson Products Co. and continued to do so until his last illness, of over two years, when he died at the age of seventy-two, Aug. 19th, 1956.

He married, three years before his death, Mrs. Dorothy — and she as well as his seven children mourned his death. They are Gertrude, Robert, Mary Louise, Marjorie, Lawrence, Adelaide and Dorothy Ann.

Gertrude remained single and is a secretary; Robert married Dorothy Emmert, and they have two children, James and Barbara. Mary Louise married Joseph Whalen and their children are Joe, Bill, Larry, Katherine and Timothy. Marjorie married George Vidmar and their children are Judith, George Jr. and Marylin. Lawrence married Norma Wilke and they have no children; Adelaide married Reno Kopke and they have three girls and two boys, Karen, Gale, Denice, Keith and David; Dorothy Ann entered the convent of the St. Joseph Sisters and is teaching there.

NOTICE IN CLEVELAND NEWS REGARDING LEO GOLDEN'S DEATH

Golden, Leo A. Beloved husband of Dorothy; father of Gertrude, Robert L. Mary Louise Whelan, Marjorie Vidmar, Lawrence J. Adelaide Koepke, Sister Marie Adele, brother of Gertrude M. Golden of Monroe, died August 17th, 1956, Buried from Saint Philomena's Church, Cleveland.

Coming here from Detroit in 1923 to manage the shipping department of the Fisher Body Division of General Motors Corporation, Leo A. Golden developed the use of permanent steel decking in freight cars carrying auto bodies. The system is now widely used by railroads.

Mr. Golden, aged seventy two died Friday at Glencliff Nursing Home of a heart ailment.

Born in Frenchtown, Monroe County, Michigan, Mr. Golden had served with the U.S. Cavalry for three years and as a member of the Detroit Fire Department and with the Ford Motor Company in Dearborn, Michigan, before coming to Cleveland. He left Fisher Body in 1938 to join Thompson Products Inc.

Mr. Golden was a member of the Knights of Columbus, both in Detroit and Cleveland.

WALTER JAMES GOLDEN

Walter, the youngest child of a family of eleven was born on March 22nd, 1886 at the homestead five miles north of Monroe, on the Old Plank Road.

Old Dr. Valade and Aunt Margaret Lynch ushered him into the world. Lulu, home for a couple of weeks vacation from her teaching at Point Moullie, and myself, also home from our district school for the spring vacation, acted as nurse and housekeeper — Lulu about eighteen and I fifteen. In that day a woman who would get out of bed after childbirth in less than nine days was judged disgraced, so most of the farm women particularly needed that much rest, even if the demands of health were not considered.

The new arrival, a large and healthy child, was very good and, outside of his bathing and changing, needed little care.

Fred and I were chosen to be the godparents and both of us were quite proud of the honor. Father drove the horse and I held the baby, all the way up and back the five miles to St. Patrick's Church and he never cried through it all. We called him Walter James. He was a round faced, very blue eyed baby and, as I remember, never cross or demanding and waddling around by himself, answering to any nickname the teasers of the family choose to call him, and when older so willing to do what he was asked or told to do, that, when a ten or twelve-year-old, he said that his name might have been "Walt, Hitch-up". The elders of the family always going places, driving, knew he would never refuse and would do the job right.

He walked early and seemed able to do so without falls and bumps, which so many children get when learning to walk.

He was something less than a year, when mother was taken sick and had to stop nursing him. He was pretty crabbed about this, and although Lulu tried to keep him at night he would not stay with her but was content to do so with me, and for a couple of nights I did not have much sleep, rocking and walking with him; but he was soon accustomed to the change and took his bread and milk, etc, the only baby feed they had in that day of Mothers feeding them until they were able to eat regular food. From the first, I was always his favorite and I enjoyed taking care of him much more than I had those just preceding him, who were cross and hard to manage at times. The last of the big family and loved, petted and teased by the teasers of the family, he was never feazed by any of it and answered to his many nicknames just as readily as to his own.

Very early in life, perhaps eighteen, he took over the running of the farm as the older boys left home to work and father became less able to carry on alone. A couple of years later, he not only worked the home farm but took on forty acres of the old Queenan farm, paying rent to Nellie Queenan, who at that time owned it. Besides all this, he took a contract to do some very heavy work ditching and deepening a drain just south of our farm, and running a mile east of there into a creek. Father took care of the stock and gardening and other work, too, but Walter carried on the main load.

When about twenty-one, he wanted to quit the farm and go to Detroit with the other boys and find work there and enjoy the shorter hours, the shows and other amusements of a city. Oliver and Frank persuaded him to remain with the parents and continue working the farm, and promised that the rest of the family would sign over to him their interests and he would own the place after the parents passed away. He agreed to this but instead of doing work on another farm besides his own he, with a partner, August Kuhl, bought an elevator at Newport and bought and shipped grain from there. They also dealt in hay and Walter was busy much of the time going about among the farmers and buying up their grain and hay besides loading and unloading on box cars when it was sold and shipped.

He drove to Newport every day from home, returning in the evening. He at this time invested in a fast horse, who was sired by a racer. With this horse he could, on good roads, make the trip in a little over twenty minutes, whereas, before this Old Maje, it took more than a half hour. This grain and hay business lasted about three years.

After a year or two they sold the elevator and he began buying straw for the River Raisin Paper Company. This lasted for about a year and then World War I took place and after a time his number was called. Oliver was already overseas as Captain. I resigned from the Indian Service to stay with mother so Walter could enter the Army, which he did, in the tanks division, and was in less than six months when the fighting ended and he did not get over-seas, as did Oliver. When he returned he went to Detroit to sell real estate and he worked at this for a year or so

and made some money for both himself and for me.

Physically Walter was a very strong man, five feet eleven in height and weighing somewhere about 185, although later in life he weighed over 220, at times.

Along in the early twenties somewhere he became engaged to Lillian Stewart, an attractive and very bright young lady, two years his junior. He had a real case on her and we all liked her. When Walter built his house in 1914, on Noble Street, he planned it so mother could live upstairs and he and Lillian down. It was a large house and excellently built and planned. At this time, however, something came between them. They drifted apart and she married first.

Walter was popular with the girls but did not marry until he was 38 years of age, when he married Susie Cook, a widow, with two sons, one 15 and the other 13. Directly after the wedding they went to California where Susie said she wished to send her sons to Stanford University. They bought a home in San Jose and he began to sell real estate and did this for a year, when he bought a fruit farm near Hollister, south of San Jose. There was a beautiful house and grounds and the fruit consisted of apricots and prunes, and there was also a number of English walnut trees. An over-seer lived in a cottage at the place and had been in charge of taking care of the place under the other owner, so Walter kept him on and started to learn about running a fruit farm, partially through this man.

Susie did not like living in the country but during school vacation came down with the boys who were given work on the farm. Many Mexicans helped with the picking and packing of the fruit when ripe. After some three years at this kind of work, making good, from a commercial standpoint, Walter noticed many of the trees were getting too old and new ones would have to be put in; so, getting a good offer for the place, they decided to sell. They then put their money into a section of pasture land and Walter bought over a hundred milk cows, and hired some more men, again mostly Mexican, to help with the work, taking care of the stock, raising hay and other food for them, and also got a good cook to take charge of his small house; the hired help having their own quarters. Susie came out just once during the four or five years Walter was here and just hated the sight of everything! Walter drove back to San Jose, some fifty miles, on Saturday part of the time.

At one time, government stock inspectors ordered the killing of a hundred of Walter's cattle because of TB or foot-and-mouth disease, a great loss, but Walter took it in his stride, started out up through Washington, Idaho and other places and replaced his stock with healthy animals.

Seemingly, this location was rather low ground and without good drainage facilities, and one summer many crops were lost through the overflow of the river. Plans were being made to build dykes along the river and make other very expensive changes. Besides, Walter was getting pretty weary of trying to get good work out of his Mexican helpers, so he decided to get out of the business, and again sold out with good profit. He returned to San Jose, and it was at this time that he and Susie divided their capital and thereafter had separate financial plans and investments. Susie put her share into the buying of apartment houses and renting property in the city. Since her marriage, Walter and his investments had increased her capital greatly, as well as his own. It was shortly after this that her nervous, changable, fault-finding disposition was too much for Walter to stand, and he moved out and into a hotel room.

He had, after selling the cattle ranch, bought a partially worked out gold mine up near Feather River, Cal. A man who knew mining went in to it with him, but before he spent much attempting to develop it further, he just let the lease lapse. Another winter he and an old miner tried to see what could be done with a gold mine nearer San Jose and when he found he would have to sink considerable money in the project he gave it over to the miner friend. This preceded his going to a hotel to live.

After a short time he went into the development of vacant property in or on the outskirts of San Jose. This he did with an experienced builder and made a success of the business. He built a number of houses and they were sold at a good profit, and at the time of his sudden death he had just sold, at a good profit, a large apartment house he had built.

His health began to fail badly — high blood pressure; and the two last vacations that he spent here in Michigan with us we were greatly worried about his

condition. However, he went back to San Jose and continued his business and grew some better under the care of a new doctor, a Chinese. From the time Walter decided to live separate from Susie he remained very good friends with his step-sons and loved dearly Stanley's two daughters, some six and eight years of age. The family dinners and meetings at Susie's, he was always invited to attend, and he did so, until the last, which was an Easter Dinner Party, two days before he dropped dead. Stanley said later, he seemed in good spirits and better health, and they enjoyed their card games and visiting.

Two days after Easter, about four P.M. when Walter was coming out of the movie house, just across the street from his hotel, he dropped over in the entrance. Friends from the hotel and others, soon had him taken to the hospital, where he never regained consciousness and died May 10th, 1949. His body was sent home by air and he was buried in Saint Joseph Cemetery. Everyone who knew Walter liked him and he had many Masses and a large funeral. Oliver and Walter were very close, and Walter's death went very hard with Oliver. At the funeral services he looked much worse than did the corpse. He died the same year September 16th, 1949.



